THE SILENT READERS

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

THIRD READER

LEWIS *and* ROWLAND

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_T4-APU-378

THE SILENT READERS

BY

WILLIAM D. LEWIS, Pd.D., Litt.D.

FORMERLY DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT, DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

ALBERT LINDSAY ROWLAND, A.M., Ph.D.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, CHELTENHAM TOWNSHIP, PA.
FORMERLY DIRECTOR, BUREAU OF TEACHER TRAINING AND CERTIFICATION, DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

AND

ETHEL H. MALTBY GEHRES

CO-AUTHOR OF THE WINSTON READERS

ILLUSTRATED BY

FREDERICK RICHARDSON

AND

EDWIN J. PRITTIE

THIRD READER

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

CHICAGO ATLANTA PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO DALLAS

Copyright, 1927, by
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY
THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

COPYRIGHT IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE
BRITISH DOMINIONS AND POSSESSIONS

COPYRIGHT, 1925
IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Third Silent Reader PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. P–2–28

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this series. This series of Readers is definitely designed to provide working material for the development of efficient "silent reading." It is not planned to compete with the many excellent series of Readers now available. The authors believe that it will efficiently supplement what was formerly the well-nigh universal school practice of conducting all reading lessons aloud.

Oral reading not sufficient. It is well to keep in mind the rapid changes that have recently come in the teaching of reading. The former common practice was to require one pupil to read aloud while the others followed his reading silently. Corrections of pronunciation or phrasing, and explanations followed. The incentive of the audience situation was entirely lacking; bright pupils read ahead if the material was of interest, or gazed vacantly at the book if it was not.

The defects of this method, particularly when it was used exclusively, are obvious. Outside of school it is an experience of rare occurrence, so that the skill thus acquired is of little practical use. On the other hand, it provides no training in the process by which ideas are almost universally acquired from the printed page, namely, silent reading. Perhaps of equal importance, is the fact that it slows down the habitual reading speed to the rate of actual speech.

The mechanics of reading are fairly well mastered in the third—some authorities say the second—grade. Some oral reading is doubtless desirable beyond these grades, but the relative amount should diminish rapidly.

Experts have recognized the importance of silent reading for many years. Briggs and Coffman showed its value in their book, *Reading in Public Schools*, published in 1908. Studies in this field have been made by Gray, Starch, Judd, Courtis, Monroe, Kelly, and many others. They have made no attempt to deny that oral reading has a place in the curriculum, but have merely pointed out that from the third grade on, its place is less important in comparison with silent reading.

Reading to get the thought quickly. Once the mechanics of reading are mastered, the problem becomes one of speed and accuracy in thought-getting. Upon these two qualities depend the pupil's progress in school and his use of the deluge of ideas that appeal only through the printed page. If he reads and understands, if he quickly grasps the important idea from a mass of details, if he arranges the relations of the ideas presented, we say that he is good in geography, history, science, or mathematics. If he comprehends slowly or fails to understand, he is a serious problem.

Speed usually goes with comprehension. At first glance it would seem that comprehension would be inversely proportional to speed; that is, the greater the speed the poorer the comprehension and vice versa. The standard tests of Gray, Courtis, Kelly, and Monroe, however, which have been given to thousands of children, prove exactly the reverse. The rapid silent readers have almost invariably shown the best understanding of the matter read. It would thus seem that concentrated effort on either speed or comprehension would tend to improve the other factor. It is necessary, however, to test speed results carefully to insure conscientious reading of the text.

The material in these books. In selecting the material for these books the authors have purposely avoided the established paths of literary reputation, and have selected

from a wide variety of sources interesting material representative of the printed matter the child will inevitably read. Every effort has been made to avoid the necessity of explanation by the teacher to elucidate the text. In general, the exercises have been under- rather than over-graded, as the pupil should read for content and should be as far as possible relieved from technical, grammatical or vocabulary difficulties. Occasionally, however, in each book exercises of a somewhat more difficult or of a more unusual nature have been included, because everyone, old or young, is called upon to read a variety of material, and pupils should have some experience with selections that require special effort.

Why we read. Most of the reading which we do has one of three purposes: we read for information; we read for instruction; we read for appreciation or entertainment. These purposes are somewhat determined by the nature of the material read. Rarely do we read an encyclopedia article for appreciation. On the other hand, we lose ourselves in the quiet humor of *Rip Van Winkle* merely for entertainment through appreciation. Contrasted with this would be our reading of a biography of Irving in order to find out who were his American contemporaries. The boy who reads an explanation of how to make a rabbit trap with the purpose of making one is reading for instruction, while his father who scans the evening paper to see how his representative in Congress or the State Legislature voted on a bill is reading purely for information.

The pedagogical editing. The authors have kept constantly in mind the purposes of each selection in the directions they have given to the pupils. They have also had clearly in mind certain fundamental things that they wish pupils to learn and certain habits which they wish them to form by the use of these books. A perusal of the directions given before and after any given selection

will suffice to make this purpose clear. For example, much attention is given to the writing of headings for certain parts of a selection or to the statement of the most important thought in a given paragraph. With increasing emphasis in the upper grades this type of exercise is developed into the complete outline. The authors believe that practice of this kind will develop in pupils the habit of looking for the important thought and of grouping around it related subordinate ideas. This is perhaps the habit most essential to good reading for instruction or information. On the other hand, selections which are of a purely literary character and which should be read for appreciation and entertainment are given without exhaustive notes or questions, because minute discussion of this kind of reading would detract from its value.

Method of handling the books. Many teachers will prefer to keep the books in the classroom, distributing them at the time of the silent reading lesson and collecting them again at its conclusion. In this way the material will remain fresh, and the drill exercises will always be under the control of the teacher.

In many places, however, textbooks are not supplied by the school authorities, but are purchased by the pupils direct. Inasmuch as this series of books contains all the necessary instructions for the use of each exercise, they become peculiarly helpful where the pupil is thrown upon his own resources. He is able to test his own speed and comprehension and his ability to analyze or outline any of the material by the plain directions that are given for handling the books. Although the instructions accompanying various selections are addressed to the pupils, they contain certain suggestions for the teacher. It is, therefore, important that the teacher read in advance of the lesson such instructions or comments as appear before or after the text or the particular exercise to be read.

Speed drills. As much of the value of teaching silent reading lies in the development of speed, a number of exercises are designated as speed drills. For these drills it is suggested that the teacher prepare, on the mimeograph if possible, a considerable number of slips to be filled out arranged as follows:

10/4/2–	5A	G. P. W.
Date	Grade	Teacher's Initials or Room Number

Name of Exercise ..... Page .....

Pupils	Time in Minutes
Brown, Mary	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Carmalt, Joseph	3
Derr, Jane	4
Eldridge, Henry	5
Fisher, Mary	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Green, Alice	6
Hunt, Roy	$8\frac{1}{2}$
Knowlton, William	5
Manly, Rose	4
Morris, Mary	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Newton, George	5
Newton, Thomas	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Orr, Robert	5
Pierce, Helen	6
Porter, Clara	5
Roberts, John	4
Rowe, Gertrude	6
Smith, Fred	5
Vaughn, Lee	6
Wilson, Alice	$3\frac{1}{2}$

1–3, 1–$3\frac{1}{2}$, 3–4, 2–$4\frac{1}{2}$, 6–5, 2–$5\frac{1}{2}$, 4–6, 1–$8\frac{1}{2}$.

Class median 5 Class mode 5

For a speed drill the teacher should have one of these slips and a watch with a second hand. A stop watch would be valuable. Directions should be given for all the pupils to begin reading at the same moment and raise their hands as a signal to the teacher when they have finished. The teacher should give the signal for them to begin as the second hand of her watch reaches sixty. As each pupil raises his hand indicating that he has finished, the teacher should note the time in half minutes opposite that pupil's name on the drill sheet. Any pupil's time should be indicated at the nearest half minute space. For example, a pupil who finishes at two minutes ten seconds should be marked as two minutes; one who finishes at two minutes twenty seconds, at two and one-half.

Mode and median. In the illustration given, the sheet has been filled with names and scores of a supposed fifth-grade class of twenty pupils. On this sheet three minutes occurs once, three and one-half minutes once, four minutes three times, four and one-half minutes twice, five minutes six times, five and one-half minutes twice, six minutes four times, and eight and one-half minutes once. The number occurring the largest number of times is five. This number is called the "mode."

If all the scores are arranged in order with the highest score at the top and the lowest score at the bottom, the middle score in this series is called the "median" and is in this case also "five."

There are two kinds of medians—class and standard. The class median is the mid-score of the class. The standard median is the standard for a given grade and is found by the maker of the test. It is always given somewhere in the directions for giving and scoring the test.

Individual scores. Important facts for G. P. W., the class teacher in this case, are the individual scores and their relative standing. Roy Hunt, who took eight and

one-half minutes to read this exercise, is the slowest reader on this occasion. Is this true of other occasions? If so, Roy needs special help and training. It is also clear that Joseph Carmalt and Alice Wilson are rapid readers and it is important to see that their comprehension of the exercise is also adequate. Thus, for the class teacher the important facts are the relative scores of the pupils in comparison with other pupils, with the former scores of the same pupils, and with the class and the standard medians.

Speed in silent reading. Of course it must be recognized that no standard speeds are possible without also standardizing the material. To be absolutely accurate, each separate exercise should be its own speed standard. This, although possible, would be a device so cumbersome as to defeat its own purpose. Every bit of reading presents its peculiar difficulties, its slow spots, its points of interest, its urge to hurry on. These in turn vary with the apperception of the reader, with his pecularities, his interests, and his motives. These largely determine his speed. The authors have thought it unwise in the vast majority of cases to indicate with any degree of definiteness the time required for many exercises.

Various authorities in the field of silent reading have attempted to indicate the number of words a minute that children of the several grades should read with adequate comprehension. The following table represents the reasonable limits of speed for the several grades for pupils who have been trained in silent reading:

Grade	Number of Words a Minute
IV	125–200
V	175–250
VI	250–325
VII	275–350
VIII	300–400

Testing comprehension. It is, however, equally important that the teacher know that the pupils are understanding what they read. As each pupil is reading silently, there is no guarantee of comprehension without some form of check. This may be as simple a device as watching the expression of the children's faces to see registered there appreciation of the exercise read; or it may be as complex as a dramatic reproduction of the incidents.

Devices for checking comprehension are suggested in connection with each exercise. The more usual and effective methods of teaching comprehension are dramatization, reproduction, writing of headlines, development of outlines, expresssion of opinion based upon facts read, topical analysis, the naming of characters and statements of their relationships, and appreciation of ethical or artistic appeal.

The test material. The drill exercise, although modeled in some cases upon the standard reading and intelligence tests, expressly disclaim any attempt to displace or supersede these tests. The function of the two is wholly different. The material in the Readers is for drill and improvement in speed and comprehension. The standard tests are for the measurement of achievement.

Standard tests. Information about some of the best known standardized silent reading tests are given here. Among these are tests by S. A. Courtis of the University of Michigan, Walter S. Monroe of the University of Illinois, Edward L. Thorndike and William A. McCall of Teachers College, Columbia University.

The use of tests such as these enables a teacher to diagnose individual reading weaknesses, and to measure and compare achievement. Other excellent tests can be found by referring to *Bibliography of Tests for Use in Schools*, published by World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Test	How many tests to order	How many direction, record sheets, and other accessories to order	Used in what grades	Publisher	Additional Information
Monroe's Standardized Silent Reading Tests.	One copy of the test for each pupil.	All directions are printed on the test sheet, the class-record sheet, and the "B," or basal score sheet. One record sheet and one "B" score sheet are furnished with each 25 copies of the test. Each tester should have a copy of these sheets.	3 to 8	Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Illinois.	This test comes in several forms so that the class can be tested more than once a year. As there are several tests to each form, when ordering state the grade to be tested. By means of the "B," or basal score sheet, each pupil's score is interpreted in terms of a grade-month score.
Courtis Silent Reading Test, Number Two.	One copy of the test for each pupil.	Folder B, Series R, contains detailed directions for giving the test, and for scoring. Folder D, Series R, gives directions for completing the scoring. A class-record sheet is needed for each class. A school-record sheet and graph sheet for Silent Reading No. 2, are needed for each school.	2 to 6	S. A. Courtis, 246 Eliot St., Detroit, Mich.	Folders, as well as class and school record and graph sheets, must be mentioned when ordering test material.
Thorndike-McCall Reading Scale.	One copy for each pupil.	Directions are printed on the test booklets, and in a folder which explains the giving and the marking of the test, and the interpretation of the pupil's score. One folder and one class-record sheet are furnished with each 25 copies.	2 to 8	Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.	Progress may be noted monthly, as there are ten forms of this test, one for each school month. The pupil's score is interpreted in terms of a reading age by following directions in the folder.

Interpreting the scores. Possibly the most significant measures in a series of scores are the extremes, or the highest and lowest scores, the median or mid-score, and the mode or the point in the distribution where the scores pile up. In interpreting a pupil's score it is always well to compare it with the extremes and with the median. This will show how he stands in relation to his classmates.

However, one also should know whether the class and the individuals who make up the class are up to the standard for their grade. By comparing the class median with the standard median for the grade, a teacher can arrive at some conclusion as to the progress her class is making; and if each pupil's score is compared with the standard median, she can locate definitely the individuals who are below standard and act accordingly. There are some well-known tests which permit a further interpretation of each pupil's score, and specific directions covering this point accompany the tests. Several tests interpret the pupil's actual score into a final score expressed in terms of reading age. If this age falls much below his mental age, it points to the fact that the pupil is not reading as well as one of his age should. It then becomes the business of the school to find out why, and provide remedial instruction. Other tests interpret the actual score in terms of the various grades, third, fourth, fifth, etc., and even in a grade-month score. Both these interpretations are excellent as they put more meaning into the score.

Remedial instruction. Some possible causes for poor reading are defective vision, limited speaking vocabulary, narrow span of recognition, ineffective eye movement, inadequate attention to content, and lack of interest. From this it will be readily understood why it is desirable that remedial instruction be individual, that the material used be simple and of a type that will arouse interest and sustain attention, and that the method followed should lead to the formation of desirable reading habits, and result in an ability to get thought from the printed page. In this work the teacher must look for slow progress and she must be content to allow time for the formation of new habits. The best results will come from much reading motivated by the pupil's desire to read.

Topical recitation. Particular emphasis, especially in the later grades, should be placed upon the complete

presentation of a topic by a pupil standing in front of the class, and making the group understand what he has to say without questions by the teacher. More and more this is coming to be emphasized as a means of good teaching everywhere; and pupils are being trained to stand before a group of their classmates and give an intelligent account of anything of which they have adequate knowledge without the painful tooth-pulling process of extracting ideas.

The philosophy of study. One of the most important results of efficient teaching of silent reading is the contribution which it makes to the whole problem of study in the school. Briggs says that the primary purpose of the school is to teach people to do better the desirable things that they are likely to do anyway. One of the desirable things that school children are not only likely but certain to have to do is to study. A large portion of the studying that the child as well as the adult does consists in the acquirement of information from the printed page. It is essentially silent reading. Much of the difficulty teachers now meet in the inability of their pupils to study will be dispelled by effective teaching of silent reading. Probably no use of the same amount of time will yield more definite and valuable results than thorough instruction in the process of thought-getting from a printed page—in other words—silent reading.

Acknowledgment

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the authors who have given permission for the use of certain copyright material in this volume and especially *The Youth's Companion* for "The Legend of the Humming Bird," by Ellen Miller Donaldson; the poems, "June" by Anna C. Ayer, and "Clouds" by Olive C. Richards; "The Music Lesson," by E. Olive Davis and Isabel Jamison; a story by C. H. Ernst; and to *The Youth's Companion* and Miss Elizabeth Thornton Turner for "The Tale of a Ham Bone"; "Jerry Goes to Bat," by A. B. Ross; "The Golden Melon," by Joseph B. Egan.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Little Red Hen and a Bad Old Fox	*Old Tales Retold*	2
If	*Old Rime*	14
Acting		15
Common Sense		18
The Silkworm and the Spider		19
The Lamplighter	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	20
If Wishes Were Horses	*Old Rime*	23
The Perfect Food		24
Naming Paragraphs		26
Answering Questions		27
Old Sultan		30
Jerry Goes to Bat	*A. B. Ross*	37
Some Riddles To Guess		38
The Brahmin, the Tiger, and the Jackal	*Oriental Fable*	40
Opposites		48
Windy Nights	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	50
Rain	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	52
Toads		53
Words Out of Place		56
Fragolette		58
Arranging Words		70
A Trip to New York	*Albert Lindsay Rowland*	72
Missing Words		77
A Trip to New York (*continued*)	*Albert Lindsay Rowland*	78
A Puzzle		85
What Is Wrong?		86
Quackdoodle and Sharp-tongue	*Spanish Fable*	89
Something to Decide		91
Little Stories To Be Acted		92
The Lad and the North Wind		95
More Words out of Place		106
Add a Word		108
My Bed Is a Boat	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	110
Another Kind of Gold		113
The Man without Fear	*Ruth Plumly Thompson*	116
Finding Sentences		119
Finishing Sentences		120
The Golden Melon	*Joseph B. Egan*	122
Choosing the Right Answer		128
The Owl and the Pussy Cat	*Edward Lear*	130
Something to Make		133

PAGE
Are You Quick to Understand? 134
Wild Rabbits 136
A Candle ..... *Mother Goose* 139
The Tale of a Ham Bone ..... *Elizabeth Thornton Turner* 140
Making Sense 148
The End ..... *Sir Henry Newbolt* 150
Grandfather Peter ..... *Alice M. Chesterton* 151
Finishing Sentences 158
The Giant with the Three Golden Hairs 161
More Little Stories To Be Acted 177
Understanding 180
A Story To Name ..... *C. H. Ernst* 182
Opposites 190
The Duel ..... *Eugene Field* 192
A Test of What You Know 196
How Do They Travel 198
The Red Squirrel 199
Health and Happiness ..... *Old Russian Story* 204
Missing Words 215
Clear Thinking 217
June ..... *Mrs. Anna C. Ayer* 218
The Music Lesson ..... *E. Olive Davis and Isabel Jamison* 220
Questions To Answer 228
The Pobble Who Has No Toes ..... *Edward Lear* 231
Riddles 234
Play Acting 235
Two Flies and a Bee 238
Choosing the Right Color 242
Clouds ..... *Olive C. Richards* 244
Another Test of What You Know 246
The Little Gray Mare ..... *Albert Lindsay Rowland* 249
The Hen and the Fox 257
Clear Thinking 258
The Land of Nod ..... *Robert Louis Stevenson* 261
The Man in the Moon ..... *Old Rime* 262
Story Telling by Acting 263
The Legend of the Humming Bird ..... *Ellen Miller Donaldson* 266
Remembering the Titles of Stories 274
The Humming Bird 275
The Eskimo Dog ..... *B. Ethel Webb* 279
The Crow and the Peacock ..... *African Folk Tale* 286
New Words To Learn 289
Finishing Sentences 290
The Story of a Queen with Wings 292
Where Do They Belong? 298
Filling the Blanks Orally 299
In Highland 300

LEARN TO READ SILENTLY

The book which you are now beginning has been specially prepared for you to read to yourselves silently, because that is the way you will have to read most often when you grow up. You must even try not to move your lips as you read. Very few people have to read aloud, while everybody must read silently many times every day. This does not mean that you should not know how to read aloud. Occasionally you will have to do so, but much more often will your reading have to be silent.

One advantage in reading silently is that one can read much faster in that way and, therefore, can read a great deal more in the same time, because it takes time to pronounce all the words clearly and this time is largely saved in silent reading. One of the purposes of this book is to teach you to read quickly, much more quickly than you have read before, and at the same time to understand clearly all that you have read.

In order to read more rapidly to yourself than you can read aloud, it is necessary that you do not stop to pronounce to yourself each word that you read. Indeed, you must learn to see groups of words at one time rather than single letters or syllables or even words, and having seen a group of words in one glance, grasp the meaning of the whole group of phrase and quickly pass on to the next.

You should keep in mind, all the time, the importance of speed, particularly at first while you are forming the habit of silent reading. But also remember that speed is of no value unless you thoroughly understand all you have read.

THE LITTLE RED HEN AND A BAD OLD FOX

Here is a story about a fox who planned to play a trick on his neighbors. Read the story to see who really was the cleverest. The story may remind you of another one you have read or heard.

THE BAD FOX'S PLAN

Once upon a time there was a hill, and on the hill there was a pretty little house. It had one little green door and four little, clean, shiny windows with green shutters, and in it there lived a cock, a mouse, and a little red hen.

On another hill close by there was another little house. It was very ugly. It had a door that wouldn't shut and two broken windows, and all the paint was off the shutters. And in this house there lived bold Mr. Fox and his four bad little foxes.

One morning the four bad little foxes came to the big, bad Father Fox and said,

"Oh, Father, we're so hungry!"

"We had nothing to eat yesterday," said one.

"And scarcely anything the day before," said another.

"And only half a chicken the day before that," said the third.

"And only two little ducks the day before that," said the fourth.

Father Fox shook his head for a long time, for he was thinking. At last he said in a big, gruff voice,

"On the hill over there I see a house. In that house there lives a cock."

"And a mouse," screamed two of the little foxes.

"And little Red Hen," screamed the other two.

"And they are nice and fat," went on the big, bad Mr. Fox. "This very day I'll take my great sack and I will go up that

hill. Into my sack I will put the cock and the mouse and little Red Hen."

"I'll make a fire to roast the cock," said one little fox.

"I'll put on the saucepan to boil the hen," said the second.

"And I'll get the frying pan to fry the mouse," said the third.

"And I'll have the biggest helping when they are all cooked," said the fourth, who was the greediest of all.

So the four bad little foxes jumped up and down for joy, and big, bad Mr. Fox went to get his sack ready to start upon his journey.

THE PLEASANT HOME

But what was happening to the cock and the mouse and the little red hen all this time?

Well, sad to say, the cock and the mouse had both got out of bed on the wrong side that morning. The cock said the day was too hot, and the mouse grumbled because it was too cold.

And Off She Ran to Fill the Kettle

They came grumbling down to the kitchen where good little Red Hen, looking as bright as a sunbeam, was bustling about.

"Who'll get some sticks to make the fire?" she asked.

"I won't," said the Cock.

"I won't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said little Red Hen.

So off she ran to get the sticks.

"Now, who'll fill the kettle from the spring?" she asked.

"I won't," said the Cock.

"I won't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said little Red Hen.

And off she ran to fill the kettle.

"Who'll get the breakfast ready?" she asked, as she put the kettle on to boil.

"I won't," said the Cock.

"I won't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said little Red Hen.

During breakfast the cock and the mouse quarreled and grumbled. The cock upset the milk jug, and the mouse scattered crumbs on the floor.

"Who'll clear away the breakfast?" asked poor little Red Hen, hoping they would soon stop being so cross.

"I won't," said the Cock.

"I won't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said little Red Hen.

So she cleared everything away, swept up the crumbs, and brushed up the fireplace.

"And now, who'll help me make the beds?"

"I won't," said the Cock.

"I won't," said the Mouse.

"Then I'll do it myself," said little Red Hen.

And away she tripped upstairs.

But the lazy cock and the mouse each sat down in a comfortable armchair by the fire and soon fell fast asleep.

Now bad Mr. Fox had crept up the hill and into the garden, and if the cock and mouse hadn't been asleep, they would have seen his sharp eyes peeping in at the window.

"Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat," Mr. Fox knocked at the door.

"Who can that be?" said the Mouse, half opening his eyes.

"Go and look for yourself, if you want to know," said the rude Cock.

"It's the postman, perhaps," said the Mouse to himself. "He may have a letter for me." So, without waiting to see who it was, he lifted the latch and opened the door.

As soon as he opened it, in jumped big Mr. Fox with a cruel smile on his face.

"Oh, oh, oh!" squeaked the Mouse, as he tried to run up the chimney.

"Do-do-doodle-do!" screamed the Cock as he jumped on the back of the biggest armchair.

But Mr. Fox only laughed, and without more ado he took the little mouse by the tail and popped him into the sack. Then he seized the cock by the neck and popped him in too.

Poor little Red Hen came running downstairs to see what all the noise was about, and Mr. Fox caught her and put her into the sack with the others. Then he took a long piece of string out of his pocket, wound it round and round and round the mouth of the sack, and tied it very tight indeed.

After that he threw the sack over his back, and off he went down the hill.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't been so cross," said the Cock as they went bumping about.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't been so lazy," said the Mouse, wiping his eyes with the tip of his tail.

"It's never too late to mend," said little Red Hen. "Now don't be too sad. See, I have my little work bag, and in it there

are a pair of scissors, a thimble, and a needle and thread. Very soon you will see what I am going to do."

THE CLEVER HEN

Now the sun was very hot, and soon Mr. Fox began to feel that his sack was heavy. At last he thought he would lie down under a tree and go to sleep for a little while. So he threw the sack down with a bump, and very soon fell fast asleep.

"Snore, snore, snore," went Mr. Fox.

As soon as little Red Hen heard this, she took out her scissors and began to snip a hole in the sack, just large enough for the mouse to creep through.

"Quick," she whispered to the mouse, "run as fast as you can and bring back a stone just as large as yourself."

Out scampered the mouse and soon came back dragging the stone after him.

"Push it in here," said little Red Hen. In a twinkling he popped the stone into the bag.

THE COCK AND THE MOUSE AND THE LITTLE RED HEN RAN HOME VERY FAST

Then little Red Hen snipped away at the hole till it was large enough for the cock to get through.

"Quick," she said, "run and get a stone as big as yourself."

Out flew the cock and soon came back quite out of breath with a big stone, which he pushed into the sack too.

Then little Red Hen popped out, got a stone as big as herself, and pushed it in. Next she put on her thimble, took out her needle and thread, and sewed up the hole as quickly as ever she could.

When that was done, the cock and the mouse and the little red hen ran home very fast, closed the shutters, drew down the blinds, and felt quite safe.

Bad Mr. Fox lay fast asleep under the tree for some time, but at last he woke up.

"Dear, dear," he said, rubbing his eyes and then looking at the long shadows on the grass. "How late it is getting. I must hurry home."

So he went grumbling and groaning down the hill till he came to a stream. Splash! In went one foot. Splash! In went the other foot; but the stones in the sack were so heavy that at the very next step down tumbled Mr. Fox into a deep pool.

The fishes carried him off to their dark caves and kept him a prisoner there, so he was never seen again. And the four greedy little foxes had to go to bed without any supper.

The cock and the mouse never grumbled again. They lit the fire, filled the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and did all the work; while the good little Red Hen had a holiday and sat resting in the armchair. For all I know, they are still living happily in the little house on the hill with the clean, shiny windows, the green door, and the green shutters.

—From *Old Tales Retold*
Courtesy of G. W. Jacobs

---

1. Who played the better trick after all? What was it?

2. What was the fox's plan? Why did he make it?

3. Why was it that the fox was able to catch the cock and the mouse so easily?

4. How did the little red hen show her cleverness?

5. How did the cock and the mouse behave after their narrow escape?

IF

When you finish reading this poem, try to name everything in it, in the same order.

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
If all the axes were one ax,
What a great ax that would be!
If all the men were one man,
What a great man he would be!
And if the great man took the great ax,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a great splash-splash that would be!

—Old Rime

ACTING

Here are ten little stories or parts of stories, each of which may be acted. Whether they are well acted or not will depend upon how carefully you read them.

Read over each one and think just how you would act to tell the story to someone else. Suppose the story says: "Peter Rabbit pulled and pulled at his buttons, but he could not get away, so he began to cry." You must not only show that you have been caught in a net and cannot free yourself, but you must look frightened and at last begin to cry.

After you have read all the stories, your teacher may give you a piece of paper with the number of one of the stories on it. You should then read that story again carefully. No one else will know which is yours. When your turn comes, you must

act your part so well that your classmates will easily know the story which was given to you.

Your classmates will decide which story was acted the best and why.

---

1. John was hoeing corn. Every now and then he would stop and mop his brow and then go on with his work.

2. Dora was going to have a new sweater. She had fixed a skein of yarn on the back of a chair and was winding the yarn into a ball.

3. The leader of the band took his position and tapped for attention with his baton.

4. As the farmer was raking the hay, he heard a strange, humming sound that seemed to come from the sky. He looked up and saw his first airship. He waved to the men in the next field and pointed to the sky. Then he ran to his house to tell his family.

5. The Indian stole through the forest, stopping every few steps to listen closely before he moved on.

6. The mother held her baby tenderly in her arms as she gently rocked him to sleep.

7. Alice had just learned to jump the rope and she was practicing with her rope up and down the pavement, humming softly to herself as she did so.

8. The automobile driver held the wheel firmly as he peered through the fog, trying to see the road ahead of him.

9. Helen ran quickly to the window. She opened it and looked out. She clapped her hands at the sight of the little monkey and the organ grinder. She took a penny from her pocket and threw it down into the little red hat that the animal held up.

10. Betty was playing house. She put on an apron and her dust cap. Then she got the broom, and swept the floor, and dusted the furniture.

COMMON SENSE

1. Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade and the date below on the second. Write nothing on the third line.

2. Then, beginning on the fourth line, number every other line from 1 to 7.

3. Below is a list of seven sentences. Four words appear at the end of each sentence. Only one of these words makes good sense in the sentence. Can you choose the right word each time? Write each sentence, using the word which makes the best sense.

---

1. Apples are—fish, fruit, animals, people.

2. Boys like—ink, medicine, perfume, games.

3. Water flows—down, against, beside, except.

4. Winter is—green, warm, blue, cold.

5. Fire—freezes, cools, leaks, burns.

6. Kings wear—capes, beads, crowns, bells.

7. Dogs—bellow, bark, talk, sing.

THE SILKWORM AND THE SPIDER

One day a silkworm was spinning her cocoon. Her neighbor, the spider, was weaving too, working with the greatest swiftness. Every now and then she looked with contempt at the slow, beautiful work of the silkworm. "What do you think of my web, my lady?" she cried to the silkworm. "See how large it is. I began it only this morning, and now it is half finished. You must admit that I work more quickly than you."

"Yes," said the silkworm, "but your webs, which are intended for traps to ensnare flies, are destroyed as soon as they are seen. They are swept away, while my cocoons are preserved with the greatest care."

Think of two words that best describe the spider. The silkworm.

THE LAMPLIGHTER

Here is a poem written by a man who liked children. His name was Robert Louis Stevenson. He was a good man with a warm heart. All through his childhood he was weak and ill, and he never became strong. At last he went to live far away from home on an island in the Pacific Ocean in the hope that he might get well. He died there far from the children that he loved, but he wrote poems for them and stories that you will read some day.

This poem tells of a man who went about the streets lighting the lamps. Street lamps are seldom lighted in this way now, for most cities are lighted by electricity.

My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has
left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie
going by;

For every night at tea time and before you
take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes
posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go
to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he
can be;

With Lantern and with Ladder He Comes Posting up the Street

But I, when I am stronger and can choose
what I'm to do
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light
the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before
the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so
many more;
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder
and with light;
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him
tonight!

—Robert Louis Stevenson

---

1. What does "tea" mean in the first line?

2. What does the poem mean in the second line when it says, "It's time to take the window"?

3. In the fourth line the lamplighter "comes posting up the street." What does that mean?

4. Why does the lamplighter have a ladder?

5. Why does he have a lantern?

6. What were Tom and Maria going to do when they grew up?

7. Read the part that makes you think that the little child likes to have the lamplighter nod to him.

8. What is the best season of the year in which to watch for Leerie?

9. Do you think it would be fun to go about the streets lighting the lamps? What would you need to take with you?

10. Do you like the poem? Which stanza do you like the best?

11. Who is the little boy in the poem?

12. What makes you think so?

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

Read this over; close the book and see how many names of the things mentioned you can write.

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride,
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by my side;
If "ifs" and "ands" were pots and pans
There'd be no work for tinker's hands.

—Old Rime

THE PERFECT FOOD

What is it that is sometimes called the perfect food, and why is it so called?

The best and most perfect food for growing children is milk. No other food can take its place. Every child over five years of age should have at least three cups of milk a day and more when possible. Warm milk is more easily digested than cold. If children do not like milk, it can be given in the form of cocoa, soups, and custards. Most children can learn to like milk if they try.

If skimmed milk is used for children, they should have plenty of vegetables, cream, and butter. Children should never drink tea or coffee.

When it is impossible to get fresh milk, evaporated milk may be used.

Milk is often called the perfect food because it contains all of the things needed by the body. It is one of the best foods in

case of sickness. One can live a long time on nothing but milk, but healthy adults and school children should have plenty of solid food.

Write your name on the first line of your paper. Write your grade and the date on the second line. Write nothing on the third line. Beginning with the fourth line, number the lines 1 to 7. Answer the following questions in as few words as possible.

---

1. How much milk should children drink at a meal?

2. Which is more easily digested, warm or cold milk?

3. What should be done if children do not like milk?

4. Should healthy children live on milk alone?

5. Can one live on nothing but milk?

6. Read the sentence that tells that we should have plenty of solid food.

7. Read the sentence that tells us what to do when we cannot get fresh milk.

NAMING PARAGRAPHS

Read this little story carefully. Each paragraph tells about one thing. Try to tell in a few words what each tells about.

Under the lilac bush stood a little house. It had no windows or chimney, but it did have a nice wide door. It was painted green with white trimmings. It was the home of Mrs. Terrier and her son Tippy.

Tippy was very young. He was black and tan like his mother. He had eyes like shoe buttons, and a bit of a tail that wagged and wagged. His pink tongue wagged, too. He was always gay and happy.

Tippy's great friend, strange to say, was Fluff. She was a gay, young kitten and lived next door. She was snowy white, except for one black patch across her back. She had blue eyes, and a long tail that waved and waved.

These two friends spent the whole day running races round the bushes and across the lawn. Of course they ate their meals together. When it was very hot they slept in the shade of the lilac bush.

ANSWERING QUESTIONS

Here are nine questions for you to answer. Three answers are given to each question. In each case one of these answers is better than the others. You are to write on your paper the answer which you think is the best.

Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade and the date below it. Write nothing on the third line.

Number every other line from 1 to 9.

When you have chosen the answer which you think is best for the first question, write that answer on the line which you have numbered 1. Write the best answer to the second question on the line you have numbered 2, and so on until you have written an answer to each of the nine questions. When you have finished, raise your hand to show your teacher and then wait quietly for the others.

1. Why do you go indoors when it rains?

Because you might melt.

Because you do not wish to get wet.

Because you are tired of playing outdoors.

2. Why do we wear overcoats in winter?

Because they look well.

Because they keep us warm.

Because they button up in front.

3. Why are streams swollen in the spring?

Because of melting snow and ice.

Because the wind blows.

Because the birds sing.

4. Why do sick people have doctors?

To spend their money.

To discuss the weather.

To make them well.

5. Why do people use telephones?
   To have fun with their neighbors.
   To save time.
   To exercise their voices.

6. Why do men fear wild tigers?
   Because they have black stripes.
   Because they look like cats.
   Because they sometimes eat people.

7. Why do birds fly south in winter?
   To escape from the cold.
   To give themselves exercise.
   To see new lands.

8. Why do automobiles have horns?
   To play tunes with.
   To frighten people.
   To warn you of their coming.

9. Why do people go to bed at night?
   Because it is dark.
   Because they need rest.
   Because there is nothing else to do.

OLD SULTAN

Here is a story of a faithful dog. At the end of the story there is a duel. A duel is a fight between two persons that is arranged and fought according to rules. Each fighter has a friend with him who is called a second and who is there to see that the other fighter obeys the rules.

Read this story rapidly but carefully to find out who took part in the duel, why they fought, and who won.

A shepherd had a faithful dog called Sultan, who had grown very old and had lost all his teeth. One day when the shepherd and his wife were talking together, the shepherd said, "I shall shoot old Sultan tomorrow morning, for he is of no use now."

But his wife said, "Pray let the poor, faithful creature live. He has served us

well a great many years, and we ought to give him a living for the rest of his days."

"But what can we do with him?" said the shepherd. "He has not a tooth in his head, and the beggars are not afraid of him at all. To be sure he has served us long and well, but then, he did it to earn his living. Tomorrow shall be his last day, depend upon it."

Poor Sultan, who was lying close by, heard all that the shepherd and his wife said to one another and was very much frightened to think that the next day would be his last day. So in the evening he went to his good friend the wolf, who lived in the wood, and told him all his sorrows, and how his master meant to kill him the next morning.

"Make yourself easy," said the wolf. "I will give you some good advice. Your master, you know, goes out every morning very early with his wife into the field, and they take their little child with them, and

lay her down behind the hedge in the shade while they are at work. Now you must lie down close by the child and pretend to be watching her, and I will come out of the wood and run away with her. You must run after me as fast as you can and I will let her drop. Then you must carry her back. They will think you have saved their child and will be so thankful to you that they will take care of you as long as you live."

The dog liked this plan very well, and so it was carried out. The wolf ran with the child a little way and the shepherd and his wife screamed out, but Sultan soon overtook the wolf and carried the poor little child back to his master and mistress. Then the shepherd patted the dog on the head and said:

"Old Sultan has saved our child from the wolf. Therefore he shall live and be well taken care of and have plenty to eat. Wife, go home and give him a good dinner and let him have my old cushion to sleep

THE WOLF RAN WITH THE CHILD A LITTLE WAY

on as long as he lives." From this time on Sultan had all that he could wish for.

Soon afterwards the wolf came again and wished old Sultan joy and said,

"Now my good fellow, you must tell no tales, but turn your head the other way when I want to taste one of the old shepherd's fine fat sheep."

"No," said Sultan, "I will be true to my master."

The wolf thought he was joking and came one night for a fat sheep. Sultan had told his master what the wolf meant to do, so the shepherd lay in wait for the wolf behind the barn door. When the wolf was busy trying to find a good fat sheep, the shepherd beat him with a stout stick.

The wolf was very angry. He called Sultan "an old rogue" and swore he would have his revenge. The next morning the wolf sent his second, the boar, to invite Sultan to come into the wood to fight the matter out.

Now Sultan had nobody he could ask to be his second but the shepherd's old three-legged cat; so he took her with him. The poor thing limped along with great trouble, but she stuck her tail straight up in the air.

The wolf and the wild boar were first on the ground. When they saw their enemies coming, and saw the cat's long tail standing straight in the air, they thought she was carrying a sword for Sultan to fight with. Every time she limped they thought she was picking up a stone to throw at them. Now they did not like this way of fighting, so the boar lay down behind a bush, while the wolf jumped behind a tree.

Sultan and the cat soon came up. They looked about and wondered that no one was there. The boar, however, had not quite hidden himself, for his ears stuck out of the bush. When he shook one of them a little, the cat saw something move and thought it was a mouse. She sprang upon it. and bit and scratched it so that

the boar jumped up, and with a snort ran away shouting as he went,

"Look behind the tree. There sits the one who is to blame."

Old Sultan and the cat made haste to look. There was the wolf sitting behind the tree.

"Cowardly rascal!" cried old Sultan.

The wolf hung his head at these words from the honest old dog.

"Old Sultan," he said, "I am truly sorry. I did, indeed behave like a rascal. But if you will be my friend once more, I give you my word never to stoop so low again."

"I will gladly be your friend," cried old Sultan.

And friends they were forever after.

---

1. How did the wolf help Sultan?

2. Sultan had to choose between his friendship for the wolf and his duty to his master. Which did he choose? Was it right for him to do so?

3. What would you call Sultan if he had let the wolf get the sheep?

4. What do you think of one who asks another to do wrong?

5. Did the wolf have good reason to be angry?

6. How do we know that Old Sultan was a brave dog?

7. What made the boar and the wolf afraid?

8. Why was the wolf ashamed?

9. What did the wolf mean when he said he would not stoop so low again?

JERRY GOES TO BAT

When Jerry goes to bat
Their pitcher makes a sign,
And all their fielders run
Clear to the furthest line.

Because, when Jerry hits that ball
They have to be back there,
That's all!

—A. B. Ross, From *Five Going on Six*

Tell one thing about Jerry.

SOME RIDDLES TO GUESS

The people or animals who take part in a play or story are called *the characters.* Can you name the characters in the story of *Old Sultan?*

Below are some riddles about the characters in the story of *Old Sultan.* Read them over to yourself.

Number the lines on your papers from 1 to 6 and write after each number the answer to the riddle having that number.

1. I live in the woods. Men say I am their enemy and try to kill me. I gave old Sultan some good advice.

Who am I?

2. I belong to the shepherd and his wife. They take me to the fields every morning. I cannot walk or talk. I can laugh and cry.

Who am I?

3. I have four feet. I haven't a tooth in my head. The shepherd's wife calls me a faithful creature. I am getting too old to be of much use.

What is my name?

4. I am neither a man nor a beast. Each morning I go to the fields with the shepherd and Sultan. I can cook, sweep, sew, and mend. Sultan is my pet and I begged the shepherd to let him live.

Who am I?

5. I am neither a man nor a woman. The wolf thought my tail was a sword. I have more than two good legs, but less than four.

Can you guess who I am?

6. I have four feet. I live in the woods. I am a friend of the wolf. The cat thought my ear was a mouse. I lay down behind a bush, and would not fight.

Can you guess who I am?

THE BRAHMIN, THE TIGER, AND THE JACKAL

Once upon a time the tiger who thought he was very clever, planned to play a trick on a Brahmin. But he met a little animal that was cleverer than he was. Find out who this clever little animal was, and how he fooled the tiger.

THE FREEING OF THE TIGER

Once upon a time a Brahmin, who was walking along the road, came upon an iron cage in which some men had shut up a great tiger.

As the Brahmin passed by, old Mr. Tiger called out:

"O Brother Brahmin, Brother Brahmin, have pity on me, and let me out for only one minute! I am so thirsty that I shall die unless I can have a drink of water."

"I am afraid," said the Brahmin, "that if I let you out you will eat me."

"No, indeed," said Mr. Tiger. "As soon as I have had some water, I will go back to my cage."

The Brahmin was sorry for the thirsty beast and opened the cage door. Instantly the Tiger jumped out, and cried, "I shall eat you first and drink the water afterwards."

"Do not be in such a hurry," said the Brahmin. "Let us ask the next six that we meet what they think of it, and, if they all say it is fair for you to kill me, then I am willing to die."

"Very well," said the Tiger, "we will ask the first six living things we meet."

THE FIVE OPINIONS

So they walked on till they came to a banyan tree. The Brahmin said, "Banyan Tree, Banyan Tree, hear and judge."

"Let me hear," said the Banyan Tree.

"This tiger," said the Brahmin, "begged

me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me. Now that he is free, he wishes to eat me. Is it fair that he should do so?"

Then the Banyan Tree said: "Men come to rest in my cool shade. When they have rested, they break my branches and scatter my leaves. They are a cruel race. Let the tiger eat the man."

"Tiger, Tiger," said the Brahmin, "do not eat me yet. You said that you would hear what six had to say."

"Very well," said Mr. Tiger, and they went on their way. Soon they met a camel.

"Camel, Camel," cried the Brahmin, "hear and judge."

"Let me hear," said the Camel.

Then the Brahmin told his story.

"When I was young and strong and could work, my master took good care of me," said the Camel. "Now that I am old, he starves me and beats me without mercy. Men are a cruel race. Let the tiger eat the man."

Soon They Met a Camel

The tiger would have killed the Brahmin then and there, but he said:

"Tiger, Tiger, do not eat me yet. You said that you would hear the judgment of six."

"Very well," said Mr. Tiger, and they went on their way. Soon they saw an ox lying near the road.

"Brother Ox, Brother Ox," cried the Brahmin, "hear and judge."

"Let me hear," said the Ox, and the Brahmin told his story.

"When I was young," said the Ox, "my master was kind to me. Now that I am too old to work he has left me here to die. Men are a cruel race. Let the tiger eat the man."

They next saw an eagle flying through the air, and the Brahmin cried,

"Oh Eagle, great Eagle, hear and judge."

"Let me hear," said the Eagle.

The Brahmin told his story, and the Eagle said:

"Whenever men see me, they try to

shoot me. They climb the rocks to my nest and steal away my little ones. Men are a cruel race. Let the tiger eat the man."

Then the Tiger began to roar, but the Brahmin said,

"Wait! we have yet two to ask."

Soon they saw an alligator, and the Brahmin told his story. But the Alligator said:

"Whenever I put my nose out of the water, men torment me. They are a cruel race. Let the tiger eat the man."

THE WISE JACKAL

The Brahmin was now in despair, but the tiger was willing to keep his word. The sixth judge was a jackal. Now the jackal is a miserable little beast whom no one likes, but he listened to the Brahmin's story.

"You must show me where it was and how it happened," said the Jackal.

So they all went back to the cage.

"You Must Show Me Where It Was and How It Happened"

"I was here," said the Brahmin, standing in the road.

"And I was in the cage," said Mr. Tiger.

"Which way were you looking?" said the Jackal. "Show me the side of the cage where you stood."

"I was on this side," said the Tiger, jumping into the cage.

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Jackal. "And was the cage door shut?"

"Shut and bolted," said the Brahmin.

"Then shut and bolt it," said the Jackal.

When the Brahmin had done this, the Jackal said:

"O wicked and ungrateful Tiger, you would have killed the good Brahmin who opened your cage door. Your cruelty shall be punished, for no one will ever let you out again. Go your way, Friend Brahmin, and go in peace." —*An Oriental Fable*

---

1. Which was the cleverest animal in the story? Why?
2. How did he fool the tiger?

3. What do you think of the way the tiger treated the Brahmin?

4. What do you think of the opinions of the first five? Were they fair?

This story is a good one to read and act. Read it again very rapidly to see what characters you would need. Decide whether you think it would be better to have a different set of characters for each of the three parts or one set to read the entire story.

OPPOSITES

This drill will show you how well you can follow printed directions, and will help you to be careful in observing and using words. Follow each direction carefully.

Prepare your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second line. Then, beginning on the fourth line, number the lines from 1 to 10.

Below are ten sets of words. In each set the first word is followed by three other words. One of these three words is just opposite in meaning to the first word.

Look at the first set. "Sorry" is the first word. Now read the three words that follow it (glad, afraid, just.) "Glad," of course, is the word that means just the opposite to "sorry." Write these two words with opposite meanings after figure 1 on your paper.

Now finish the exercise by picking out the two words in each remaining set and writing them after the proper figure on your paper. When you finish, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher and then wait quietly for the others to finish.

---

1. Sorry (glad, afraid, just)
2. Opened (begged, shut, listened)
3. Cruel (kind, free, great)
4. Rapidly (cruelly, slowly, thirsty)
5. Remembered (called, passed, forgot)
6. Cool (fair, warm, like)
7. Young (good, little, old)
8. Strong (well, weak, willing)
9. Bad (thankful, angry, good)
10. Full (free, empty, absent)

WINDY NIGHTS

Here is another poem by Robert Louis Stevenson. You remember that he was sick a great deal when he was a child. Many times he could not sleep at night. On windy nights he used to imagine things about the world. As you listen to this poem, see if you can hear the wind howl and feel what Stevenson felt. What kind of night does he describe?

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,

By at the Gallop Goes He

By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

---

1. Read the line that tells *when* the man goes by.
2. Read the line that tells *where* he gallops.
3. Read the line that tells that he comes back.
4. Read the lines that tell you on what kind of night the man went riding by.

RAIN

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Draw a picture that shows what the rain is doing.

TOADS

Have you ever thought of a toad as being interesting? Read this selection and pick out the facts about toads that are most interesting to you.

Toads sleep in burrows in the ground during the winter. In May and June, the mother toad goes to a pond to lay her eggs. These are fastened together in long jelly-like strings. Each egg is about the size of a pinhead. In four or five days, the tiny tadpoles work their way out of the eggs. They live in the water until they change into toads. It takes about two months for them to become full-grown.

Crows, hawks, and snakes like to eat toads. For this reason the toad usually

keeps out of sight during the daytime. If an enemy surprises him, he tries to escape by long leaps. If he is very much frightened, he flattens himself out on the ground and looks so much like a clod of earth that he often escapes the keen eyes of his enemy. When seized by his enemy he sometimes "plays possum," acting as if he were dead. But when he is hurt he lets out terrified cries. Sometimes he burrows into the ground backwards with his strong hind legs, leaving just his head out. If an enemy comes, in goes his head, and the earth caves in around him.

Toads do not drink as other animals do. Instead of drinking through their mouths, they stretch out in shallow water and let the water soak in through their skins. If they are kept in a dry place, they will soon waste away and die. They live on insects and live grubs, which they catch mostly at night. The toad has a long tongue which is sticky at the end. He shoots it out, catches an insect, and swallows

it whole. When swallowing a very large mouthful, he usually shuts his eyes. You have probably seen toads under street lights at night making a fine meal of insects. The toad is one of the farmer's best friends because it eats insects and grubs which are his enemies.

Here are ten questions about toads. Number the lines on your papers from 1 to 10, and write the answers to the questions in as few words as possible.

1. What do toads do in the winter?
2. Where do they lay their eggs?
3. What are baby toads called?
4. Who are the toad's enemies?
5. What does he do when he is very much frightened?
6. How do toads drink?
7. What do they eat?
8. How do they catch insects?
9. Why are toads often found under electric lights?
10. What does the toad do to help the farmer?

WORDS OUT OF PLACE

To do this exercise you must read these directions very carefully. Do not waste time, but take time enough to have everything right.

Write your name on the first line of your paper, and your grade and the date below it on the second line.

Do not write anything on the third line, but in the margin of the fourth line write the figure 1, and on the next line the figure 2, and on the next 3, and so on up to 9.

Look at the first list of words. It is a list of fruit, is it not? Read it again. Are all the words in the list names of fruit? Do you think "carpet" belongs in this list? No, it would be a better list if the word "carpet" were left out.

In each list there is a word that should not be there. You are to find those words and write them on your paper. "Carpet" was the word that should not have been

in the first list; write it after figure 1 on your paper. Read the next list and after figure 2 write the word that should be taken out of the second list. Do the same with the other lists. When you finish, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher, and then wait for the others to finish.

1	2	3
apple	plow	needle
plum	rake	ax
pear	peach	thimble
carpet	hoe	thread

4	5	6
ink	Henry	three
cup	Michael	six
plate	Richard	watch
saucer	Boston	nine

7	8	9
paper	day	boot
pencil	month	apple
shovel	year	shoe
pen	snow	slipper

FRAGOLETTE

You might like to find a garden full of strawberries. But you would not like to have to carry water in a basket.

This is a fairy story about a little girl who did these things and other things, too. If it had not been for a good fairy who helped her, she could not have done all of them.

FRAGOLETTE FINDS SOME STRAWBERRIES

Read to find out how Fragolette got her name

Once upon a time there was a little orphan girl who lived near a great forest. One day, as she was going through the forest to school, she saw a beautiful blue butterfly. She tried to catch it, but it flew away. She ran after the butterfly as fast as her legs would carry her and soon came to a wonderful garden. She

She Tried to Catch the Butterfly

could hardly believe her eyes for the ground was covered with great, red strawberries.

She got down on her knees and began to pick them. In a little while she had filled her basket. Then she ran to school as fast as she could. Of course she gave some of the strawberries to her playmates.

Every day she gathered as many strawberries as she could carry, and took them

to her friends at school. They soon began to call her "Fragolette," which is an Italian word meaning little strawberries.

VIPERINE

Read to find out who Viperine was and what she did to Fragolette

One day while Fragolette was picking the berries, Viperine, a bad fairy, called her a thief and carried her away to her home. When they got to the bad fairy's home Viperine told Fragolette to set the table. The wicked Viperine had a good supper, but she gave Fragolette nothing but a crust of bread.

Every day Fragolette had to sweep, scrub, cook the meals, serve at the table, and wash the dishes. She had nothing but crusts to eat and she had to sleep on the hard floor. But in spite of this hard work Fragolette grew prettier every day.

One day Viperine said, "Take this basket to the well, and bring it back to me full of water."

Viperine Carried Her Away to Her Home

Fragolette ran to the well, and filled the basket with water. But the water ran out through the sides and bottom, and the basket was soon empty. Fragolette sat down by the well and cried. She was afraid to go back to Viperine.

As she was crying, she heard a voice say, "Do not cry. I am Banoni, your good fairy. I will fill your basket."

Fragolette could hardly believe her ears. She looked up and saw a little elf, who breathed three times on the basket, and then put it into the water. It came up full, and Fragolette carried it to her mistress. Viperine was very angry when she saw that Fragolette's basket held water.

The next day Viperine said, "I am going away today. Here is a sack of wheat. You must have it made into loaves and baked when I get back."

Poor little Fragolette! She could not grind the flour because she had no mill. She could not bake the bread because she

had no stove. But her good fairy, Banoni, was there again to help her.

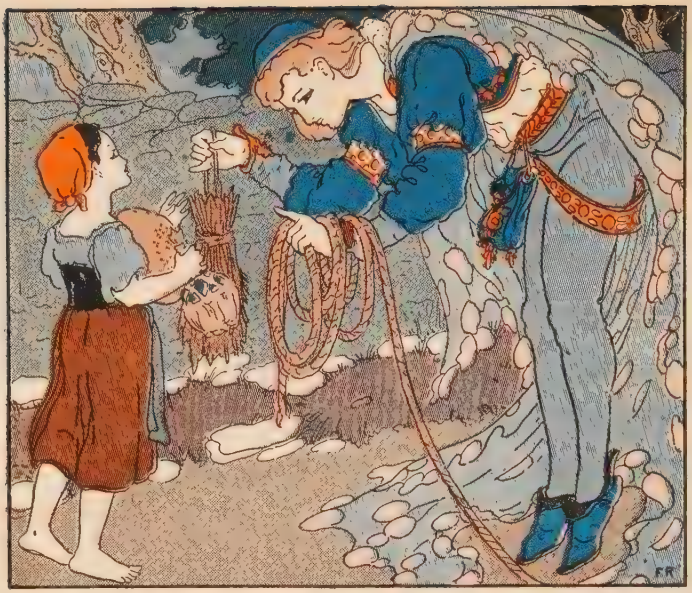
He whistled and waved his arms. Soon a number of brownies came right through the window. Some of them carried the wheat to the mill and came running back with sacks of flour. The others were the bakers and made the bread. They brought a stove and built a fire and baked the bread. So when Viperine came home, all the flour was baked, and the loaves were piled up to the ceiling.

FRAGOLETTE GETS THE STRONG BOX

Read to find out what Fragolette had to do to get the trong box

The next day the bad fairy, Viperine, said, "Go to see my sister. Ask her for her strong box, and bring it to me."

As Fragolette was going along the road, Banoni met her. He said, "You have many things to do to get the strong box. I will tell you what they are.



As Fragolette Was Going Along the Road She Met Banoni

"When you get to the river say, 'Beautiful river, let me cross.'

"Take this bottle of oil, this bread, this rope, and this little broom.

"When you get to the gate, rub the hinges with the oil. It will then fly open for you.

"A big dog will jump out barking. Throw him the bread, and he will stop.

"You will see an old woman in the yard

drawing water out of the well by her long hair. Give her the rope.

"You will find another woman in the kitchen polishing the stove with her hand. Give her the broom.

"Then you can walk into the room where a woman is sleeping, and get the strong box."

Fragolette did everything Banoni told her. Just as she started off with the box, Viperine's sister woke up.

She cried out, "Cook, stop that thief."

"Not I," said the cook. "She gave me a broom to polish the stove, and you made me use my hand."

"Woman at the well, stop that thief."

"Not I," said the woman at the well. "She gave me a rope, while you made me draw water with my hair."

"Dog bite that thief."

"Not I," said the Dog. "She has given me bread, while you let me starve."

"Gate, shut her in."

"Not I," said the Gate. "She oiled me, and you let me rust."

The River Opened for Fragolette

When she came to the river, Fragolette said, "Beautiful River, let me cross."

The river opened for Fragolette, and she walked through on dry land, not even wetting her feet.

When she got home and gave Viperine the strong box, Viperine knew that some good fairy had told Fragolette what to do.

Read to find out how Fragolette knew which cock crowed

Now Viperine said, "You must sleep with me tonight."

Fragolette did not want to sleep with the bad fairy, but she was afraid to refuse.

"In the barn there are three cocks," said Viperine. "One is red, one black, and the other white. When one of the cocks crows you must tell me which it is."

"Banoni will not be here to help me," whispered Fragolette to herself. "What shall I do?"

She did not close her eyes for a single minute. At midnight a cock crowed.

Viperine asked, "Which cock crowed?"

Fragolette whispered to herself, "Banoni, please help me," and she heard a voice say, "The red cock crowed."

Bravely she said out loud, "The red cock crowed."

Just then another cock crowed.

"Which cock was that?" asked Viperine.

"The white cock crowed," whispered Banoni.

"The white cock crowed," said Fragolette.

When the morning came the third cock crowed, and Banoni whispered, "The black cock crowed."

When Fragolette named the right cocks, Viperine was so angry that she ran out of the house into the woods and never was seen again.

Then the house and garden belonged to Fragolette. She planted a strawberry garden, so that she had ripe red strawberries whenever she wished for them.

Banoni was always her good fairy and friend.

---

1. Tell how Fragolette got her name.
2. Why did Viperine steal Fragolette away?
3. What did Viperine ask Fragolette to do with the basket?
4. Who helped Fragolette with the basket? How?

VIPERINE RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE

5. Name the other hard things Viperine asked Fragolette to do.

6. Who helped Fragolette make the bread?

7. Tell all who helped Fragolette get the strong box.

8. What did Fragolette have to do herself to get the strong box?

9. Tell the story of the three cocks.

ARRANGING WORDS

Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade and the date below it. Divide the rest of your paper into four parts by three lines.

1. PEOPLE
2. SOMETHING TO DO
3. PARTS OF A HOUSE
4. PARTS OF THE BODY

Here is a long list of words that are not very well arranged. On your paper rearrange the words. Make four lists. Write every name of a person in the first list, every name of something to do in the

second list, every name of parts of a house in the third list, and every name of parts of the body in the fourth list. When you have finished, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher, who will write down how long it took you to do the test.

window	sleep
arms	hand
feet	breathe
walk	whistle
sister	friends
kitchen	door
janitor	scrub
ears	steps
ceiling	cook
floor	hair
room	eyes
thief	sweep
legs	orphan
play	walls
playmates	knees
woman	girl

A TRIP TO NEW YORK

SLEEPING ON A TRAIN

Sometimes the motion of the train even on a short trip has made you so sleepy that you have taken a short nap. But how many of you have gone to *bed* on a train. This story tells how people go to bed on trains.

"I must go to New York on business next week," said father one morning at breakfast. "What would you say, Mother, if I were to take John with me?"

John nearly dropped his spoon in surprise and excitement.

"I think that would be delightful," said mother. "You have promised him a trip to make up for the bad time he had with the chickenpox this winter. Nothing could be more delightful than a trip to New York."

"What do you say, Son?" said father, turning to John.

"I think it would be great," replied John, almost too pleased to speak at all.

"Very well, then," said father. "We start Monday."

"Shall we sleep on the train?" asked John eagerly.

"Yes, and eat there, too," said father smiling.

So it was arranged. Mother packed a separate bag for John, and he was very proud to carry it just as father carried his when both bade mother good-by and started for the station.

John had never before been in a Pullman or sleeping car. He was surprised to find it much like an ordinary coach when one seat is turned to face the other. He had often found seats facing each other when he went to the near-by city. These two seats in the Pullman are called a section.

"Where do we sleep?" he asked his father when they had found their seats.

"You will soon see," said father as the train began to move.

Sure enough, it was not long before the porter appeared in a white coat, which John found he wore most of the time. The porter reached up over the windows and with his key, unlocked what John had thought was the side of the car. Down came the upper berth like the lid of a box lying on its side, swinging on hinges and stopping in a level position about as far above the floor as the porter's head.

Out of this upper berth the porter took something that looked like a door, only that it was much wider at one end than it was at the other. He set this up on edge on top of the back of the seat in which John had been sitting. When he pushed this back to the side of the car, it separated the two sections like the wall of a room. When the same kind of piece had been placed on the back of the opposite seat, the section was tightly closed at both ends.

The lower berth was next made into a bed by pushing the seat cushions together and laying the back cushions of each seat down flat. The bed of the lower berth was thus made up of four cushions laid side by side.

From the upper berth the porter took a mattress, which he spread over these four cushions. The beds were now ready to be made up. Snowy sheets and a brown blanket were laid on the mattresses.

The pillows, which were also kept in the upper berth, were put into clean white pillowcases and were placed at the end of the berth toward the engine.

"Why does the porter put the pillows at that end of the berth?" asked John of his father.

"They are always at the forward end of the berth," said his father. "The forward movement of the train will help to drive the blood away from the sleeper's head, and thus make sleeping easier."

A little green hammock was hung at one

side of the berth. This was to hold such clothes as shirts, underclothing, and stockings, father said. A coat hanger also hung at the edge of each berth for, as John clearly saw, there was very little room for clothes.

A curtain pole had swung out as the upper berth was brought down, and to this pole the porter now fastened two green curtains, which reached to the floor and completely hid each berth.

As fast as the porter finished with one section, he moved to the next. John saw that each section was marked by a number sewed upon its curtain, so that anyone boarding the train after the berths were made up could find the berth for which he had a ticket.

Father and John shared the same berth. John undressed first, as there was scarcely room for them to undress together. He could not help laughing as he tried to take his clothes off, first sitting and then lying in the berth. Once he forgot and

tried to stand up and gave his head a resounding crack against the bottom of the upper berth. After much struggling he at last got into his pajamas and was ready for bed. Father followed soon after, and to John's surprise the motion of the train, instead of keeping him awake rocked him to sleep.

MISSING WORDS

In each of the sentences given below a word is left out. You are to write the sentences and fill in the missing word in each one.

1. A sleeping car is called a ———.
2. The ——— makes the beds on the sleeping car.
3. When you go to sleep on the train, you ride with your head toward the ———.
4. Pullman beds are called ———.
5. There is a ——— on the curtain of each section.
6. In each section there is an upper ——— and a lower ———.

A TRIP TO NEW YORK

(Continued)

THE ARRIVAL

You remember how eager John was to go to New York with his father and what fun it was for him to go to bed in the sleeping car of the train. This story tells of the rest of the journey and of their arrival in New York City.

John awoke with a start. The train had stopped so suddenly that he had been jolted wide awake. He sat up. Where was he? He remembered it all. He was in a sleeping car. He raised the shade and looked out. The train was standing beside a station platform. At the end of the station shed in big, yellow letters was the word "Trenton." John knew this city was the capital of New Jersey and that they were not far from New York.

Just then his father, who shared the berth with John, also awoke. "We have just time to dress and have breakfast before we reach New York," said father, when John told him that they were at Trenton.

They dressed as well and as quickly as they could in the small space of the berth. After they had washed their faces, cleaned their teeth, and brushed their hair in the wash room, they were ready for breakfast.

"Come John," said his father, "let's go to breakfast in the dining car."

The dining car was in the rear, and Father and John had to pass through several Pullman cars to reach it. When they reached the dining car, they found a long room with tables and chairs on each side of the aisle instead of seats, as in the sleeper. The morning sun streamed in at the windows, and the silver and glass shone brightly on the snowy white tablecloths. It was a pleasant sight, and John was very happy as he sat down with a good appetite to enjoy his first meal in a dining car.

The waiter took their order with a cheerful greeting, and soon two glasses of cold orange juice stood before them. Then came a smoking dish of scrambled eggs, hot rolls, milk for John, and coffee for father.

As they finished their breakfast, the train reached Manhattan Transfer. Here the steam engine which had pulled the train was taken off, and an electric engine was put in its place.

"Why do we change engines?" asked John, when father had explained what was going on.

"Because we soon enter a tunnel under the Hudson River," father answered. "The tunnel is long and passes under the bottom of the river. The smoke and steam from a steam engine could not get out of the tunnel and would be dangerous to the passengers on the train."

The lights were lit and the windows closed. Soon the train entered the tunnel. At the other end of the tunnel was the great Pennsylvania Station in New York City.

His First Meal in the Dining Car

John had never seen so large a station. Father and John climbed a flight of steps and then walked along another tunnel under the street to the Hotel Pennsylvania.

When father had written their names on a card at the desk, a young man in uniform, called a bell boy, took them in an elevator to their room on the tenth floor. The room was nicely furnished with two single beds, chairs, and a writing desk. One door opened into a bathroom and another into a clothes closet.

"This is a fine room," said John.

"Yes, we shall be very comfortable here," said his father. "Now I must telephone to a man that I want to see while I am in New York," he added.

Sure enough, there was a telephone in the room. Soon father was making a business engagement for the next morning.

"Well, that gives us the day to ourselves," he said, as he hung up the receiver. "Shall we walk over to Fifth Avenue to do some shopping for mother?"

The streets of the great city were full of interest for John. Hundreds of taxicabs hurried along or were stopped by the traffic lights at the street crossings. The sidewalks were crowded with people. The shop windows showed all sorts of interesting things. When John and his father returned to the hotel, it was time for lunch.

"Everything here seems to be called Pennsylvania," said John as they entered the hotel.

"Oh, no," laughed father, "This hotel is called Pennsylvania because it is across the street from the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This is one of the largest hotels in the world. It has twenty-two hundred rooms and twenty-two hundred baths, besides dining rooms and kitchens, ballrooms, parlors, writing rooms, elevators, and a roof garden."

While they ate their lunch, father said to John, "Would you like to take a long ride on the top of a bus and see Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive, and the Hudson River?"

"That would be nice," said John.

"Of course we must stop at Grant's Tomb," father remarked.

"Shall we see the building that is sixty stories high, father?"

"We shall make a special trip to see that. Is there anything else you would like to see? What would you say to a trip around the island? That would give us a splendid view of the harbor, the bridges, and the Statue of Liberty."

"I'd like that," said John. "And can we see the Zoo in Bronx Park? I've heard of it."

"Yes, and the Aquarium at Battery Park if you care to go."

"Of course I'd care to go. Won't I have a lot to tell the boys when I get home."

John could hardly wait to finish his luncheon, he was so anxious to start out to explore the largest city in the world.

—Albert Lindsay Rowland

How many of these questions can you answer?

1. Where do people get their meals when they travel overnight or longer on a train?

2. Why did not the steam engine pull the train into New York?

3. How did they go from the Pennsylvania Station to the hotel?

4. Name as many things as you can that John noticed in the hotel and on the streets.

A PUZZLE

We have just read about John and his trip to New York. Here is a puzzle made from this story. Can you solve the puzzle?

Here are nine sentences. There are four words at the end of each sentence. One of these words makes good sense in the sentence. The others do not. Write each sentence on your paper at the proper place, ending each sentence with the word that makes good sense.

1. When John heard he was going to New York he was—hungry, careless, frightened, pleased.

2. New York is a—gun, city, game, food.

3. Trains run on—tracks, sidewalks, rivers, paths.

4. John traveled with his—cousin, mother, father, sister.

5. The man in charge of a sleeping car is called a—policeman, porter, bell boy, clerk.

6. The beds in a sleeping car are called —coats, couches, berths, hammocks.

7. Dining cars move on—wheels, runners, feet, wings.

8. The motion of the train made John—cry, sing, sleep, play.

9. A sleeping car is called a—hotel, station, Pullman, taxicab.

WHAT IS WRONG?

Here are fifteen sentences about John's trip to New York. There is one word which is wrong in each sentence. By changing this one word each sentence may be made true.

Write the figure 1 on your paper, and after the figure 1 the word which is wrong

in the first sentence. Then write the right word after the wrong word. For instance, in the sentence:

1. When John heard that he was to go to New York with his father, he was so sad that he nearly dropped his spoon.

The word "sad" is wrong, for John was happy, not sad, when he learned that he was going to New York. Therefore, the word "sad" should be written after the number 1 on your paper and then the word "happy," like this: 1, sad—happy.

In the same way find the wrong words in the other sentences. Write them on your paper, together with the words which should have been used.

2. When John's mother knew that he was going to New York she carefully packed a trunk for him to carry.

3. John traveled to New York with his mother.

4. John found it very easy to undress in the berth of the sleeping car.

5. When John woke up the next morning, he found that his father was awake.

6. Yellow tablecloths covered the tables in the dining car.

7. A cross waiter took their order for breakfast.

8. John enjoyed his breakfast in the morning, as he had often had breakfast on a train.

9. The train stopped at Manhattan Transfer to change the engine for a horse, which would pull the train into New York.

10. The Pennsylvania Station in New York City was the smallest railroad station John had ever seen.

11. John and his father stayed at the Pennsylvania station.

12. They reached the hotel before walking through a long tunnel.

13. Father said that he could not take John sight-seeing after lunch.

14. John was anxious to see the Zoo in Central Park.

15. Father told John that he would take him to see the Zoo in Battery Park.

QUACKDOODLE AND SHARP-TONGUE

Here is a story with a strange title. Read it and then decide whether the title suits the story.

One day a conceited old duck was waddling away from his pond. He quacked so loudly that passers-by called him Old Quackdoodle.

"Quack! Quack! Ducks are ahead of all other creatures. We have more gifts than they."

"Quack! the earth, the air, and the water are ours."

"Just listen to that boasting fellow," hissed Sharp-tongue, the snake. "He thinks he is the only creature in the meadow."

"Quack! Quack!" continued Old Quackdoodle, "when I tire of walking, I can fly.

When I tire of flying, I can swim. Walk, fly, or swim, it's all the same to me."

The wily snake could hear no more. He glided up to the boasting, clumsy, old duck and said:

"I think Mr. Quackdoodle, that there is little reason for what you say. After all, you make a pretty poor showing with your gifts. You cannot swim like a trout; you cannot run lightly and swiftly like a deer; you cannot follow the eagle in his flight."

Old Mr. Quackdoodle was so astonished at the snake's rebuke that he couldn't think of an answer. He waddled off saying, "Quack, quack," and to this very day, that is all a duck can say.

"It is a mistake to think there is great merit in a little knowledge of many things. It is better to do well what you do, if you want to stand high among your fellows," hissed the snake as he glided away among the rushes. For once in his life the snake was right.

—A Spanish Fable

SOMETHING TO DECIDE

Write your name on the first line of your paper. Write your grade and date on the second line. Write nothing on the third line. Beginning with the fourth line, number the lines 1 to 5. See if you can follow these directions and not make a mistake.

---

1. If a duck can run faster than a deer, write the word *duck* on line 1. If it cannot, write the word *swiftly* there.

2. If a trout can swim as fast as a duck, write the word *fish* on line 2. If it cannot, write the word *water* there.

3. Ducks can fly higher than eagles. If this is true, write the word *duck* on line 3. If it is not true, write *eagle* there.

4. "One should always do his best," said the snake. If the snake was wrong, write the word *snake* on line 4. If he was right, put the word *glided* on line 4.

5. A sparrow is the same color as a crow. If this is true, put the word *crow* on line 5. If it is not true, write the word *nest* there.

LITTLE STORIES TO BE ACTED

Here are nine little stories, or parts of stories, each of which may be acted. Whether they are well acted will depend upon how carefully you have read them. Read over each one and think just how you would act to tell the story to someone else.

After you have read all nine of the stories, your teacher will whisper to you which one you are to act. You should then read the story again carefully. No one else will know which is yours. When your turn comes, you must act your part so well that your classmates will know which story was given to you. Be careful not to leave out anything that the story tells you to do, or someone else will be sure to notice it and will act the story better than you do. Your classmates will tell you which story you acted and how well you did it. You may choose someone to act it again.

1. Will was harvesting hay for the first time in his life. He had been pitching hay into the wagons all day long, and he now felt that each time he straightened up, his back would break.

2. Rachel was skipping the rope. She swung the rope slowly at first, then faster and faster until it was all that she could do to skip the fast-flying rope.

3. They were playing ring toss. Fred was tossing, and he needed a ringer to win the game. His first shot missed, but the second ring settled down over the post. Hurrah! he had won.

4. Sarah was picking flowers in the meadow. Here was a daisy, and over there a violet, and beyond a cluster of red clover. By and by she stopped to arrange her flowers and enjoy their sweet perfume.

5. Jack and George were friends. Just then George was very angry at Jack. He was just raising his fist to strike him when he seemed to hear the lecturer who had spoken to the school that morning say,

"Friendships are better than battleships." He dropped his fist and turned away.

6. John had lost his cap. He looked in his room; it was not there. He looked on the table among his books; it was not there. At last he found his cap under a chair where he had carelessly thrown it.

7. Fred was playing Indian. He was playing that he saw a red deer. He crept forward, stopped, and fitted an arrow to his bow. After taking aim very carefully, he fired. The next moment he turned away very much disappointed.

8. Nellie was making a doll dress. She laid the material on the table and placed the pattern on top of it. She pinned down the pattern before she began to cut.

9. Kitty was helping her mother. She got the big dish pan from its hook and placed it on the table. Then she got a pitcher and filled it three times, each time pouring the water into the pan. She shook the soap about in the water to make the soapsuds before calling her mother.

THE LAD AND THE NORTH WIND

In this story North Wind played a trick on a poor lad. As you read it, see if you think he treated the boy fairly in the end.

How long will it take you to read this story? Your teacher will tell you whether you are in the fastest, the slowest, or the middle group.

I

Once upon a time there was an old woman who had a son, and as she was very weak and feeble, she sent her son across the yard to the storehouse to bring the meal for the porridge. But when he got outside on the steps, North Wind came rushing past, took the meal out of his bowl, and sent it flying through the air.

The lad went back to the storehouse to get more, but when he came out on the steps, North Wind came whistling past

again, and away went the meal. When the lad went back the third time for the meal, North Wind played him the same trick again. The lad got angry and thought it was not right for North Wind to behave in this manner, so he made up his mind to call on North Wind and ask him for the meal.

The lad started off, but it was a long way. He walked and walked. At last he came to the home of North Wind.

"Good day," said the lad, "and thanks for calling to see me yesterday."

"Good day," answered North Wind in his hoarse, gruff voice. "No thanks required. What do you want?"

"Oh," said the lad, "I was only going to ask you to be good enough to let me have back that meal you took from me. Mother and I have very little and if you are going on in this way and take what little we have, we shall starve."

"I haven't any meal," said North Wind, "but since you are so hard up, you shall

North Wind Came Rushing Past

have my tablecloth. It will provide you with everything you wish if you only say, 'Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of fine dishes.' "

The lad was well satisfied with this.

II

Now the way was so long that he couldn't get home that night, so he went into a roadside inn. When they were going to have supper, he put the cloth on a table which stood in the corner, and said,

"Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of fine dishes."

He had scarcely said these words before the cloth did as it was told. Everyone in the room thought it was a very nice thing to have such a tablecloth, but no one admired it more than the innkeeper's wife. She thought that it would be the very thing for her. It would save her such a lot of trouble in frying, baking, and boiling, laying the cloth, and putting the things on the table.

So in the middle of the night, when all were asleep, she took the cloth from the lad. She put another one in its place that looked just like the one that the lad had gotten from North Wind. Of course you have already guessed that her cloth could not serve up as much as a crust of bread.

When the lad awoke, he took the cloth and set out on his journey, and that day he got back to his mother.

"Well," he said, "I have been to North Wind. He is a good fellow, I think, because he gave me this cloth. I have only to say, 'Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of fine dishes,' and then I get the best of everything I want to eat and drink."

"Ah, indeed! I dare say," said the mother. "But I won't believe it till I see it."

So the lad lost no time but went to the table, and laid the cloth on it. Then he said, "Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of fine dishes," but the cloth didn't serve up so much as a dry crust.

III

"Ah, well!" said the lad. "There's no help for it. I must go to North Wind again." And away he went. Toward evening he came to North Wind's home.

"Good evening," said the lad.

"Good evening," said North Wind.

"I want my rights for the meal you took from us," said the lad, "for that cloth you gave me is not good for anything."

"I haven't any meal," said North Wind, "but here is a goat for you. He makes golden coins if you only say, 'Goat of mine, make money.' "

That pleased the lad, but as it was too late to get home that day, he went into the same inn where he had been before. But before he called for anything, he tried the goat to see if what North Wind had said about it was true. Sure enough the goat made only gold coins.

When the innkeeper saw what kind of goat the lad had, he thought it was a goat worth having. So when the lad had fallen

SURE ENOUGH THE GOAT MADE ONLY GOLDEN COINS

asleep, he took the wonderful goat which could make gold coins and put his own old goat that could not make a penny in its place.

Next morning the lad started off. When he reached home he said to his mother, "North Wind is a good fellow after all. This time he has given me a goat that makes gold coins. All I need to do is just say, 'Goat of mine, make money.' "

"Ah, to be sure!" said his mother.

"That's all rubbish, and I won't believe it till I see it."

"Goat of mine, make money," cried the lad, but not a penny could the goat make.

IV

So the lad went back again to North Wind and said that the goat wasn't worth anything, and that he wasn't going to be beaten out of his meal, not he.

"Well," said North Wind, "I have nothing else to give you except that old stick over there in the corner. But it is a good stick, and if you only say, 'Stick of mine, lay on,' it beats the one nearest it till you say, 'Stick of mine, leave off.' "

It was a long way home, and the lad went into the old inn where he had slept before. By this time he guessed how he had lost the cloth and the goat. So he lay down at once on the bench and began to snore as if he were asleep.

The innkeeper, who thought that the stick must be good for something also,

THEN THE STICK COMMENCED BEATING THE POOR INNKEEPER

looked for a stick like the one the lad had. He was going to change the sticks while the lad was snoring away. Just as the innkeeper was going to take the stick, the lad cried out, "Stick of mine, lay on."

Then the stick commenced beating the dishonest innkeeper till he jumped over chairs and tables, while he shouted and yelled:

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! Tell the stick to leave off, or else it will kill me. You shall have both your cloth and your goat back again."

When the lad thought that the innkeeper had been punished enough, he said,

"Stick of mine, leave off."

Then he took his cloth and put it in his pocket, and with the stick in his hand and with the goat led by a string, he started off home. The lad thought he had been very well paid for the meal he had lost.

---

1. How do you think North Wind treated the lad in the end?

2. Why did the boy lose his first two gifts?

3. Which of the presents that North Wind gave the lad do you think was the most valuable? Why?

4. Tell what happened when the lad reached home after the last visit. Perhaps your teacher will ask two of you to take the parts of the lad and his mother when he brings the three gifts of the North Wind.

If you wanted to tell this story, you would find it very helpful if you first made a list or outline of the most important parts of the story. If you think over the story carefully, you will find that there are four important parts of the story. The first important part might be called:

Why the Lad Went to North Wind the First Time.

Can you name the three other important parts of the story?

Write the titles for four important parts of the story, numbering them from one to four. This outline will help you tell the story correctly. Perhaps you have a brother or sister who would like to hear it.

MORE WORDS OUT OF PLACE

You must read these directions very carefully. Do not waste time, but take time enough to have everything right.

Write your name on the first line of your paper, and your grade and the date on the second line.

Do not write anything on the third line, but in the margin of the fourth line write the figure 1. On the next line write 2, and on the next 3, and so on up to 9.

Look at the first list of words. It is a list of things to eat, is it not? Read it again. Are all the words in the list names of things to eat? Which word is not? Do you think "night" belongs in this list? No, it does not. It would be a better list if the word "night" were left out.

In each list, there is a word that should not be there. You are to find these words and write them on your paper. "Night"

was the word that should not have been in the first list; write it after figure 1.

Read the next list, and after figure 2 write the word which should not be in the second list. Do the same with the other lists. When you finish, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher and then wait quietly for the others to finish.

1	2	3
porridge	table	storehouse
cake	North Wind	woman
oatmeal	chairs	mother
night	bench	wife

4	5	6
son	shilling	frying
lad	dollar	trick
story	dime	boiling
boy	journey	baking

7	8	9
time	commenced	tablecloth
innkeeper	started	bowl
husband	drink	goat
man	began	dishes

ADD A WORD

There is something for you to write in each one of the following parts. Find out just what to write and where to write it. You will be marked for the exactness with which you can follow these directions.

Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade and the date below it.

Do not write anything on the third line, but in the margin of the fourth line write the figure 1, and on the next line figure 2, and on the next 3, and so on up to figure 15.

Look at the first list of words. It is a list of parts of an automobile. Can you name more parts of an automobile that could be added to this list? You could use "wheel," "brake," "seat," or "engine." Write one of these words after figure 1 on your paper.

Read the second list. It names things

used by a carpenter, does it not? After figure 2 on your paper write the name of one other thing that might belong to that list.

In the same way write a word that could belong to the other lists of things. When you finish, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher and wait quietly for the others.

---

1. horn, hood, spring,
2. hammer, saw, nail,
3. cup, saucer, dish,
4. brick, wood, iron,
5. one, two, three,
6. calf, kitten, colt,
7. silk, wool, linen,
8. ball, bat, mask,
9. walk, jump, skip,
10. schooner, canoe, ship,
11. roof, walls, chimney,
12. trunk, roots, bark,
13. knife, plate, fork,
14. hail, snow, sleet,
15. pencil, crayon, blotter,

MY BED IS A BOAT

Here is another delightful poem by Mr. Stevenson.

When Robert Louis Stevenson grew to be a man, it was very easy for him to remember how he thought and felt about things when he was a little boy. That is why he was able to write poems that children can enjoy.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark:
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

All Night Across the Dark We Steer

1. Do you ever pretend that your bed is a boat?

2. Who helps you in your make-believe boat?

3. What do you say before you shut your eyes and sail away?

4. Where do we all sail away to when we shut our eyes, "And see and hear no more"?

5. What did the little boy in the poem like to take to bed with him?

6. Why do prudent sailors take food with them?

After sailing all night in his make-believe boat, where did he find himself in the morning?

7. Where do you find your make-believe boat when you awake in the morning?

8. Do you think the little boy believed that his bed really sailed away or do you think he just liked to pretend that it was a boat?

9. Tell the class some of the things that you "pretend" all by yourself.

10. Make a list of the games you play in which you "pretend" you are somebody else.

ANOTHER KIND OF GOLD

Here is the story of a wise father. Find out why the father was a wise man. Read rapidly but carefully. See if you can answer the questions when you have finished.

Once upon a time there lived a wise old man who had two sons. Just before he died he called his sons to him.

"Boys," he said, "I have just bought a hundred acres of land. There is gold buried for you in this land, but you must find it."

The old man died, and his sons began their search for the gold.

"We will plow every foot of the land," said one. "Perhaps the plow will strike the treasure chest."

As they plowed they watched and watched for the plowshare to strike the chest. Every time it struck a rock they hoped to turn up

an iron box filled with glistening coins. But every time they found only a rock which had to be pulled out.

"Now that we have plowed the field we may just as well sow some wheat. It may be a long time before we find the gold," said the other.

The first brother agreed, so they sowed wheat.

The grain grew and ripened. They sold it for a good price, but they had found no treasure chest.

"Perhaps we did not plow deep enough to strike the gold," said one.

"Then let us plow deeper next year," said the other.

So they plowed the fields again and sowed wheat. The wheat grew and ripened, and the brothers reaped a rich harvest.

Year after year they plowed, sowed, and reaped as before. The sale of their big wheat crops made them rich men, but not a hint of the treasure chest had they found.

One day as they sat together on the

porch of their comfortable farmhouse gazing over their golden harvest fields, one brother suddenly exclaimed, "There, brother, there is the gold! Our father was wiser than we dreamed."

Write your name on the first line of your paper. Write your grade and the date on the second line. Write nothing on the third line. Beginning with the fourth line, number the lines 1 to 10. Then answer these questions. Try to keep your work neat.

1. What did the father leave his sons when he died?
2. What did he tell the boys?
3. Why did the boys plow the land?
4. After plowing what did they do?
5. Why did they plow deeper each year?
6. Did they find a treasure chest?
7. How did they get rich?
8. What made the wheat grow so well?
9. What was the other kind of gold their father wanted them to find?
10. Why do you think the father was a wise man?

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

Here is a story of a Russian cavalryman who barely escaped a horrible death. What do you suppose saved his life? Read the story and you will find out.

Once there was a Russian Cossack who wished to earn some money for new boots. So he rode into the city of Moscow, left his horse with friends, and set out to look for work. As he wished to earn the money quickly he stopped at the first place he came to, and what place do you suppose it was? The zoo! The Frenchman in charge saw that the man was strong and willing, so he hired him at once.

The Frenchman could not speak Russian, and the Cossack could not speak French, so the Frenchman was obliged to show the new man just what he wished done. He took a

bucket, brushes, and a sponge and stepped into an antelope cage. He gave the cage a thorough cleaning; then, as the antelope was a pet, he sponged off its back. The Russian nodded his head as if he understood, took the brushes and bucket, and started into the next cage. This happened to be the home of some Australian sheep. The Frenchman watched him for a few minutes, and saw that the stranger was quick and careful. The Frenchman then went off to attend to something else.

Meanwhile the Cossack, whistling and singing, worked much faster than his employer had expected, and when the Frenchman returned he was surprised and frightened at what he saw. The Cossack had entered the cage of the fiercest tiger in the zoo. He paid no attention to the tiger, which lay stretched asleep in the back of the cage, but began to sweep and clean. Then he walked quickly over to the great beast, dipped his sponge into the bucket of water and began briskly rubbing it up and

down the tiger's back. At the first touch of water, the tiger opened its terrible eyes. The Frenchman shuddered, as he expected the man to be torn to pieces. But no such thing happened. The cold water seemed to please the tiger and the hard rubbing up and down its back made it purr. It rolled over and over. The Cossack scrubbed one side and then the other with perfect calmness. Finally, he patted the creature on the head, picked up his brushes, and walked out of the cage.

No one had ever told him to be afraid of tigers and he had not the least fear. The slightest trembling or dodging on his part would have meant his death. But that tiger somehow knew that the man was not afraid, and as the bath was such a pleasant change from the usual dulness of the morning, he had not even growled.

By the time the Cossack had come out of the cage, the Frenchman had recovered his voice. He ran after the brave Russian, and just prevented him from entering the lion's

cage. For the Cossack having watched the Frenchman sponge off the antelope, supposed that bathing the animals was part of his regular work and he was determined to finish. He shrugged his great shoulders when the Frenchman tried to explain his danger. The Frenchman saw that it was impossible to frighten the Russian, so he sent him to another part of the zoo where only harmless animals were kept. Here the big fellow worked so hard and so well, that he soon earned enough for his new boots, and rode back to his comrades on the plains.

—Ruth Plumly Thompson

FINDING SENTENCES

Be ready to read the sentence in *The Man Without Fear* which tells—

1. Why the Cossack stopped at the zoo.
2. Why the Frenchman and the Cossack could not talk to each other.

3. How the Frenchman made the Cossack understand what he was to do.

4. Why the Frenchman left the Cossack alone for a short time.

5. What made the tiger open his eyes.

6. Why the Frenchman shuddered.

7. What the Cossack did to the tiger just before he left the cage.

8. Why it was fortunate for the Cossack that he was not afraid of the tiger.

9. Why the Cossack attempted to bathe the animals.

10. How the Frenchman kept the Cossack from risking his life again.

FINISHING SENTENCES

If you have read *The Man Without Fear* carefully, you should be able to read these sentences and select the word at the end of each one that makes the sentence true. Number the lines on your paper from 1 to 8, and write after each number the best word to put at the end

of the sentence with that number. This will show you whether you understand some of the hard words in the story.

---

1. The Russian rode into the city of—New York, Chicago, Moscow, Trenton.

2. He went to work at a—hotel, depot, store, zoo.

3. He cleaned the animal's cages—carelessly, thoroughly, poorly, slowly.

4. When the Frenchman saw the Russian in the tiger's cage, he was—pleased, willing, frightened, asleep.

5. As he watched the Russian briskly rubbing the tiger's back, he—smiled, shuddered, whistled, nodded.

6. The slightest trembling or dodging on the part of the Russian would have caused—pleasure, calmness, death, fear.

7. Of all the animals the tiger was the—calmest, fiercest, quietest, tamest.

8. After earning enough money for his boots, the Russian rode back to his—comrades, cousin, enemies, employer.

THE GOLDEN MELON

This story tells about two Chinese women. Read it and decide which one was the happier.

Wan Soo lived in a little house built of sod, and roofed with last year's golden straw. When the wind blew, the candles flickered on the bamboo table; and when it rained, the water stood in puddles upon the clay floor. The bottom of the rice jar could always be seen.

In spite of her poverty Wan Soo had a happy spirit. She sang as she shielded the flickering candle with her workworn hands; she hummed softly as she mopped up the puddles on the hard, clay floor, and she cheerfully divided the little rice she had with every beggar who came her way.

One afternoon Wan Soo was down on her hands and knees beside the brook washing her few clothes. She heard the fluttering of wings overhead and looked up in time to see a lark rock like a wind blown leaf, and fall into the water near by. She ran at once and rescued the poor bird only to find that someone had wounded it with a tiny arrow.

Leaving her washing unfinished, the good woman drew out the arrow and poured healing oils into the wound and fed the bird with crushed melon seeds.

Finally the day came when the bird was well. Wan Soo carried it outdoors and set it upon her forefinger, then lifted it up to the sky as though telling it to fly away. In an instant the bird was gone, but its happy song flooded down from the clouds like a fine, silvery rain.

That evening as Wan Soo sat before her sod house admiring the sunset over the Sun Lun hills, the little bird returned. He fluttered just above her, singing his

sweetest song. Wan Soo reached up her hand thinking the bird would light upon her finger, but instead he flew down and dropped a single, golden melon seed into her open hand.

Wan Soo looked long at the seed. "I shall plant it," she cried softly, "for never on earth was there seen so lovely a melon seed. I shall plant it right here beside my door so that its melons will greet me like friendly faces whenever I come in or go out."

The next morning Wan Soo was amazed to find that the seed had sprouted and that a vine had grown from it so vigorously that its green hands clutched the sides of her little sod house. Over the door and along the side of the house hung the most glorious, golden melons, each one like a Chinese lantern ready to be lit and hung at a festival.

Now it happened that Wan Soo was hungry, for she had given away her last handful of rice, so she broke off a melon and cut it in two. Imagine her surprise

Out Poured a Handful of Precious Gems

when, instead of the usual golden seeds, out poured a handful of the most precious and beautiful gems that had ever been seen in all China.

Wan Soo was happy beyond words as she gathered up the gems. With one she bought a house for a poor widow; with another a loaf of bread for a starving man; and with another a cow for a pale, little girl who needed milk. With the smallest one she bought a bag of rice for her own dinner.

The story of her good luck went abroad, of course, and Shaw Wim, an ugly, old witch who never did any good for anyone heard about it. The very next day this envious lady hid herself behind a bush near the brook and when the lark flew down to drink shot him with a little dart and broke his wing. She then picked up the wounded bird, took him home, bound up his wing and fed him weed seeds gathered beside the road.

In due time the lark recovered and flew

away, returning almost at once, with a silver melon seed which he dropped into Shaw Wim's lap.

The evil, old witch planted the seed and stayed up all night watching it grow. Up, up, it went, leaf over leaf, until it covered the straw roof, with here and there silver melons glistening amid the green, each one expanding before her very eyes like the most wonderful toy balloon.

Shaw Wim seized one at once and cut it open with a great stroke of her bread knife. What was her surprise when a little man leaped out of each half and bowed before her!

"Who are you?" cried Shaw Wim. "Tell me at once who you are."

"Most esteemed, bad lady," said they both, "we are two beggars who have come to live with you forevermore. There are a hundred more of us hanging on the vine outside your door."

"Shaw Wim got just what she deserved," said the simple folk in the village. "Now

she must work day and night to feed the army of beggars who sit around her table."

"I am inclined to think that each one is an evil deed come back to plague her," said another.

—Joseph B. Egan

CHOOSING THE RIGHT ANSWER

Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade and the date on the second line. Leave the third line blank. Begin on the fourth line and number the lines from 1 to 10.

Each question has three answers. One is right and the others wrong. Choose the answer that you think is correct and write it opposite the right number on your paper.

The right answer to the first question is "sod." Write "sod" on line 1.

---

1. What was Wan Soo's house made of?—cement, brick, sod.
2. What was her table made of?—oak, bamboo, walnut.

3. Where did Wan Soo wash her clothes?—in the kitchen, in a tub, beside the brook.
4. How had the bird been wounded?—by a stone, by an arrow, by a gun.
5. What did she feed the bird?—crumbs, rice, melon seed.
6. Where did the vine grow?—in a garden, by the door, in the field.
7. What did Wan Soo buy for herself with the gems?—a silk dress, a gold ring, a bag of rice.
8. What did Shaw Wim feed her bird?—rice, melon seeds, weed seeds.
9. What did the beggars call Shaw Wim?—a good woman, a friend, most estimable bad lady.
10. What does this story teach?—that it pays to raise melons, that it pays to be kind, that birds should eat melon seeds.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

This is called a "nonsense poem." After you have read it, you will know why. It is great fun to read it, however, and it is a good poem. See if you can find out why it is a good poem.

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!

THEY DANCED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

Oh! let us be married; too long we have
tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows:
And there in a wood a Piggy Wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married
next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon:
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

—Edward Lear

Poetry is like music. It sings as you read it. It must have a certain swing so that you can beat time as you read. This is called rhythm.

If you will read it aloud you will notice better the rhythm.

Of course owls and pussy cats would usually have nothing to do with each other. That is what makes it funny to think of them as getting married.

What other animals are in the story?

SOMETHING TO MAKE

In this poem, several interesting things are mentioned in each paragraph. In the first paragraph we have—

1. An owl
2. A pussy cat
3. Money
4. Stars
5. A small guitar

Read the poem, choose the paragraph you like best, and make pictures of the things named in that paragraph.

Your teacher will tell you what material to use.

ARE YOU QUICK TO UNDERSTAND?

This is an exercise to test your understanding of what you read. Here are ten problems. Do just what each problem tells you to do. Work as rapidly as possible, but also very carefully. You will be marked for both speed and correctness.

Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade and the date below it. Write nothing on the third line.

Number every other line from 1 to 10.

---

1. If cats eat wood, make a cross on the line you have numbered 1, but if they eat mice make a circle there.

2. If the days are longer in winter than in summer write "yes," on the line you have numbered 2, but if they are shorter make a circle there.

3. If you are taller than your father

make a "W" on the line you have numbered 3, but if not make a cross there.

4. If a horse travels faster than an automobile make an "A" on the line you have numbered 4, but if an automobile travels faster put a cross there.

5. If bread is sweeter than cake draw a loaf of bread on the line numbered 5. If not make a "C" there.

6. If Mabel is a girl's name write "girl" on the line numbered 6, but if not write "name" there.

7. If lambs grow up to be horses put an "L" on the line numbered 7, but if they do not become horses make a cross there.

8. If the sun sets in the west make a circle on the line numbered 8, but if the east is the answer make an "E" there.

9. If rabbits go faster than turtles, make an "R" on the line numbered 9, but if turtles go faster put a "T" there.

10. If cheese is made of flour put a cross on the line numbered 10. If not put a circle there.

WILD RABBITS

Here is a short selection about rabbits. Perhaps it will tell you some interesting things that you have never noticed before about these little animals. Read it rapidly but carefully.

Wild rabbits have many enemies. The fox, mink, weasel, hawk, owl, and snake like to eat them; dogs and cats like to chase them; and men like to hunt them. If it were not for their sharp ears, their keen sense of smell, and their swift running, they would not be able to escape their many enemies.

Often when a rabbit is resting, he sits on his hind feet and his front toes, ready to spring at the slightest alarm. If he feels perfectly safe, he lets his long ears lie

back along his neck. When he wants to see if the coast is clear, he rises on his hind feet, his front paws drooping, and his ears standing straight up as he listens for an enemy. If he spies an enemy, he sometimes stands perfectly still. When he does this, he looks like a clump of grass or a stone so he is not easily seen. But usually he makes his escape through the briars and bushes.

He is a rapid runner because of his strong hind legs which enable him to make long leaps, sometimes several feet in length. This is a great help to an animal that escapes his enemies by running. Rabbits have runways in and out through the briars and bushes. If an enemy chases a rabbit into these winding, twisting roadways, it is soon lost, while the rabbit who knows his way quickly makes his escape.

The most common wild rabbit is the cottontail. It is a brownish-gray in color, and has a short, white tail that looks like a fluff of cotton. The cottontail builds its nest beneath a cover of grass and briars.

The mother rabbit makes a soft bed for her babies out of grass and her own fur.

When the baby rabbits are born, they have no fur. Like kittens they cannot see until they are about nine days old. They grow very fast, and after about three weeks can run quite rapidly.

It is very amusing to see a rabbit clean himself. He shakes his feet one at a time to get off the dust, and then licks them clean. He washes his face with both front paws at once. He scratches his ear with his hind foot and pushes it forward so that he can lick it. He takes hold of his fur with his front feet to pull it around within reach of his tongue. He uses his tongue just as you would a brush.

Cottontails eat clover, grass, lettuce, and cabbage in the summer. In the winter they gnaw the bark of trees. The farmer is always on the watch for Bunny Cottontail because he eats his vegetables in the summer, and gnaws the fruit trees in the winter.

Answer the questions given below in as few words as possible.

1. Name three kinds of enemies of wild rabbits.
2. Of what use are the rabbit's long ears?
3. When a rabbit spies an enemy, what does he usually do?
4. What other scheme has he for escaping from his enemy?
5. What would happen if the rabbit were not such a rapid runner?
6. What is the most common wild rabbit called?
7. Where do they make their homes?
8. Give two strange facts about baby rabbits.
9. Why doesn't the farmer like rabbits?

A CANDLE

Little Nancy Etticoat
In her white petticoat
And a red nose,
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

—*Mother Goose*

Why is the answer "candle"?

THE TALE OF A HAM BONE

Ben was more fond of hearing his grandfather tell stories than of doing things for other people. One night when he did not want to go on an errand for his sister, his grandfather told him a queer story. Something in it sent Ben off to the store at top speed. Read the story to see what it was.

Grandfather had told stories to Ben until his stock was nearly used up, but still Ben begged for more.

"Didn't I hear Margaret ask you just now to run to the store and get her some baking powder?" said grandfather.

Ben frowned. Margaret, who was his older sister, seemed to think that boys were made only for running errands.

"Oh, please go on with the story," he said. "Margaret is always wanting something or other."

Grandfather seemed lost in thought. "Well," he said, rousing up after a while, "there's the ham-bone story. You may not like it, but I think I shall tell it."

Ben said of course he would like it; but grandfather shook his head, as if he were not sure.

"It won't be a long story," he said. "Anyway, I'll make a start." So he settled himself and began.

"One morning, the story goes, Dog Wow said to Dog Bow, 'Friend of mine, I have news. Fiddle Faddle has hung a ham bone on the tip of the new moon, and he says that whoever can get the bone may have it.'

"Dog Bow licked his chops. He was so pleased that he began to purr softly and to———"

"Purr, Grandfather?" interrupted Ben. "Dogs don't purr."

"Pshaw! Pshaw!" said grandfather. "Certainly not. Began to bark, of course." Then he went on, "'The thing is,' said

Dog Bow, 'how are you going to get that bone?'

"'Easy enough,' answered his friend. 'We can jump, can't we?'

"'Yes, but there's Puss Pry; she's a better jumper than either of us, and she'll get it first. Why, I've seen that cat jump until her horns touched the———' "

"Horns? Horns?" cried Ben.

Grandfather looked over his spectacles. "Well, well," he said, "what is the matter with me? 'Until her ears,' I should have said, 'touched the tops of the trees.'

"Well, when Dog Wow found out that she was such a jumper, he said they must arrange it so that she couldn't jump. 'Let's see,' he said, 'today is Friday; tomorrow will be Wednesday, and———' "

Ben gave a squeal. "Grandfather!" he shouted. "You're doing it on purpose! Wednesday coming after Friday! You can't catch me though!"

The old gentleman looked at him again. "Now, now, young man," he answered,

"just because I make a little mistake once in a while you needn't get so excited." But there was a twinkle in his eyes as he went on:

" 'Tomorrow will be Saturday,' said Dog Wow. 'I'll go to town and get a clothes line; great things can be done with a clothes line. Then in the evening when the sun has risen we'll steal softly down to the _____.' "

Ben jumped. "You nearly caught me," he cried, "but you didn't! The sun rising in the evening——o-ho!"

The story-teller pushed his glasses up on his forehead and stared at Ben. "Tut, tut; I guess I'd better stop trying to tell stories," he said. "I make too many mistakes."

"Oh, no!" begged Ben. "Go on! If you catch me you may stop."

"Is that a promise?" said grandfather. Then as Ben nodded vigorously he said, "All right, that's a bargain," and promptly took up the story where he had left off.

"They Would Steal Down to the Creek Where Puss Pry Liked to Lie and Watch for Minnows"

"Well, Dog Wow was saying that in the evening when the sun had set, they would steal down to the creek where Puss Pry liked to lie and watch for minnows."

Grandfather was talking very sensibly now, but he was interrupted again, for just here Margaret opened the door.

"Ben," she said, "do get that baking powder; I can't wait any longer."

Ben frowned again. "Just as soon as I can," he said. "Grandfather's right in the middle of a story now."

When Margaret had closed the door he added, "She can wait a few minutes. Please go on."

The old gentleman settled his glasses on his nose, and began again.

"Well, let's see, where was I? Oh, yes. Puss Pry loved to catch minnows. 'You see,' said Dog Wow, 'we shall have to step very, very softly or she will hear us, for her ears are keen. When we are quite close you must make a dash and grab her by the tail feathers, and I———' "

"No!" shouted Ben. "Not tail feathers on a cat!"

Grandfather jumped. "Well!" he exclaimed. "What in the world is the matter

with me tonight!" But he went on with the story. "Dog Wow and Dog Bow agreed that after Puss Pry had been bound, she must be shut up somewhere, and they decided that a stout stone prison would be the best place for her.

" 'But where are we to find a stout stone prison?' asked Dog Bow.

" 'Build it,' said Dog Wow.

" 'We never could do it,' said Dog Bow sadly. 'We may just as well give up thinking about that juicy bone.'

" 'No,' said Dog Wow, 'not at all! Ben Banks will build the prison for us.' " Here Ben snickered and looked pleased. " 'He's a boy, you know, who never refuses to help.'

"Dog Bow was delighted. 'That will be the very thing,' he chuckled. 'Now I tell you what———' "

Here the old gentleman paused; then he stopped and took off his spectacles. Ben waited impatiently for him to begin again.

"Go on, please!" he begged.

But instead grandfather put his spectacles into his pocket and began to feel for his cane.

"I can't go on," he replied.

Ben looked puzzled. "Why, Grandfather," he said, "it was a bargain; you agreed to keep on until you caught me."

Grandfather stood up and looked him in the eye. "And haven't I caught you? Maybe you weren't listening when I said that Dog Wow spoke of Ben Banks as a boy that is always ready to help."

Ben dropped his head. After a moment he looked up and laughed.

"Margaret's baking powder!" he said. "You caught me. Where's my cap?"

As he disappeared his grandfather called, "Hurry up! That ham bone is still hanging."

Ben poked his head around the corner of the door. "No, it isn't," he cried, "and I know why!"

"Why?" asked grandfather.

"It was knocked off," said Ben with a grin.

"How? Who knocked it off?" grandfather asked.

"The cow that jumped over the moon," he said with a laugh. "That's who did it."

Then he ran off to get the baking powder.

—Elizabeth Thornton Turner
Courtesy of *The Youth's Companion*

---

1. Why did grandfather make so many mistakes?
2. How did he catch Ben at last?
3. Why didn't Ben know when he was caught?
4. How did Ben finish the story?

This is a fine story to read aloud if one pupil reads grandfather's speeches and one reads Ben's.

MAKING SENSE

Write your name on one line, your grade, and the date on the next as you usually do.

Here is a list of eleven sentences. Four words appear at the end of each sentence. Only one of these words makes good sense in the sentence. Can you choose the right word each time? Opposite each number on your paper write the word that finishes the sentence of that number. The word needed to complete the first sentence is "cake." Write "cake" on line 1.

---

1. Margaret needed some baking powder for her—headache, cake, stove, amusement.

2. A ham bone is part of a—grasshopper, chicken, canary, pig.

3. The moon shines at—night, recess, morning, noon.

4. Dogs can—purr, bark, cackle, moo.

5. Cats have—horns, hoofs, feathers, ears.

6. The sun rises in the—north, south, east, west.

7. A promise should be—broken, kept, forgotten, neglected.

8. Minnows live in the—forest, moon, creek, garden.

9. The sun sets in the—north, south, east, west.

10. Ben's grandfather wore his spectacles on his—knees, feet, eyes, hands.

11. A prison is the place for—dogs, flowers, robbers, horses.

THE END

Night is come,
Owls are out;
Beetles hum
Round about.

Children snore
Safe in bed
Nothing more
Need be said.

—Sir Henry Newbolt

Read this little poem twice; then close your book and try to say it.

GRANDFATHER PETER

Here is a story of a boy who thought he was wiser than his grandfather. Read it to see if you think he was. Read it rapidly but carefully.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a horse and a dog. The man went by the name of Grandfather Peter. He had built a stable for his horse near his own little house, and the horse loved him, and would have followed him all over the world, I do believe. The dog had a fine, big kennel which his master kept very clean and comfortable for him, and the dog loved his master as much as the horse did.

Dobbin, the horse, used to eat apples out of his master's hand and put his nose out to be petted. The dog would come into the little house on winter evenings and lie

in front of the fire with his head against his master's knee. They were all great friends, and like all friends they loved to be together.

Well, it happened that Grandfather Peter was getting old, and could not go to market to sell his fruit and vegetables as often as he used to. So he said to himself, "This will not do, I must get someone to help me."

He had a grandson, young Peter, who was then just about fourteen years old. The boy was delighted when his grandfather asked him to come to live with him.

The first thing young Peter had to do when he came to live with grandfather was to learn to drive the horse to market. When they went, Carlo, the dog, used to run behind the cart in which were the vegetables and fruit.

Young Peter, who sat beside his grandfather, noticed that although old Peter had a whip, he never used it. When he wanted the horse to go faster he spoke to him in a

cheery voice and urged him on. Young Peter thought that was rather a stupid way.

"When I drive," he said to himself, "I'll give Dobbin a touch of the whip and show him that I know how to be master."

Sometime afterwards, young Peter had to take the vegetables to market for the first time by himself. "Now is my chance," he said to himself, and when he got out of sight of his grandfather he picked up the whip and lashed poor Dobbin.

Dobbin was not used to such treatment, and started off at a gallop. This frightened young Peter a little, and he pulled him up sharply, tugging so hard on the bit that he hurt the horse's mouth.

Then Peter lashed the horse again with the whip, and laughed to see Dobbin tear along the road at the top of his speed. Dobbin had never been treated like this before. He grew frightened and began to shy at everything he saw, even at the stones in the road.

Then Carlo, who could not make out what was happening but felt that something was wrong, ran from the back of the cart and began to bark and jump up at Dobbin as the horse tore along the road.

Young Peter laughed.

"Oh! you want a touch of the whip, too, do you?" he shouted and cut Carlo across the back with the whip. The poor animal crept round behind the cart with a howl of pain, and ran along with his head down and his tail between his legs, sad and miserable.

The boy thought all this was fine fun.

"Old grandfather is too easy going," he said to himself. "I'll make these lazy creatures work, now that I am here. It is jolly fun to scare them a bit. I'll make them afraid of me, and then they will do whatever I tell them."

By the time they got to market, poor Dobbin was foaming at the mouth, and was so tired that he could hardly stand. He was panting and unhappy. If he had been a human being he would have cried.

Carlo came up behind the cart, breathless and gasping. He dropped down and went fast asleep.

The people crowded round, asking what was the matter. Young Peter began to brag of how he had made Dobbin go, and how he was determined to show that he was master and could do as he liked with dumb brutes.

An old woman, who had been stroking and patting the horse, turned round suddenly and said with a funny little smile on her lips,

"But what have you come to market for, Sonny?"

"To sell my grandfather's fruit and vegetables," said Peter, and he climbed up into the cart to show what he had.

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

Young Peter stood there panting as hard as the horse and the dog had panted. In his desire to have power over the animals, to show them he was master, he had forgotten his cart load of market goods. All

the vegetables and all the fruit had rolled out upon the road. His cart was empty!

You know what a crowd there is on market day. Well, all that crowd of people laughed and laughed till they cried. The boy stood in the midst of them feeling very foolish and very small. He wished over and over that he had let Dobbin trot at his usual pace instead of whipping him in that cruel way.

He drove home slowly, picking up what he could find of the fruit and vegetables and feeling very sad. When old Peter saw the sorrowful boy, horse, and dog, he held up his hands in surprise.

In silence young Peter watched his grandfather take out the horse and look at his mouth, covered as it was with foam and blood, and at the ridges the whip had made. In silence he saw Carlo lick old Peter's hand and whine as if he wanted to tell him all their troubles. In silence he watched old Peter groom down the horse, talking to him tenderly and taking care not to hurt the

He Saw Carlo Lick Old Peter's Hand

sore mouth as he took out the bit. Dobbin made a little whinnying sound as if he were trying to say,

"Thank you, dear master."

As soon as Grandfather Peter had settled the animals comfortably, he led the boy into the house and asked him what had happened.

Then young Peter told him all from beginning to end. The old man shook his head slowly and sadly.

"I see," he said, "That you are an ignorant boy, and do not yet know the only human language that dog and horse can understand."

"What is it?" asked young Peter in a very small whisper.

"The only language a dumb animal can really understand is kindness, my boy," said the old man. "Power over animals is a great thing, but the power of kindness is greater than the power of cruelty. Try it and see."

—Alice M. Chesterton

FINISHING SENTENCES

Here are nine sentences for you to read. Each one has three endings. One is true and the other two are not. Write your name on the first line of your paper. Write your grade and the date on the second line. Write nothing on the third line. Beginning with the fourth line, number the

lines 1 to 9, and write after each number the correct ending for the sentence with that number.

---

1. Dobbin was used to—
   comfort and kindness.
   lashing and beating.
   cruelty and unkindness.

2. Young Peter thought he would show Dobbin—
   that he was kind.
   that he was master.
   that he was just.

3. When Peter lashed Dobbin, the horse—
   trotted down the road.
   jogged along slowly.
   started off at a gallop.

4. When they reached the market, Carlo was—
   panting but happy.
   breathless and gasping.
   rested and quiet.

5. The people at the market—
   scolded young Peter.
   praised and cheered him.
   laughed and laughed at him.

6. They laughed because—
   Peter had mud on his face.
   he had nothing left to sell.
   he said something funny.

7. When Peter saw how foolish he had been, he felt—
   foolish and small.
   proud and happy.
   pleased and surprised.

8. Grandfather Peter was—
   angry and cruel.
   happy and gay.
   silent and sad.

9. Young Peter proved that he—
   was wise and kind.
   was an ignorant boy.
   understood animals.

THE GIANT WITH THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS

Here is an interesting fairy tale about a boy who was born under a lucky star. What do you suppose that means? Read the story to see if you can find out why it says he was born under a lucky star. Do you believe in luck?

The story is in seven parts. You will find a name given to the first part. When you finish reading the story, go back and see if you can name the other parts.

I

THE WICKED KING GETS RID OF THE BOY

Once upon a time there was a poor man who had an only son. The child was born under a lucky star, and it was said that when he grew up he would marry the king's daughter.

It happened that the king heard of this saying, and was very much displeased at the idea of his daughter marrying a poor man's son. So he went to the child's parents and asked whether they would sell him their son. The father and mother at first said, "No." But they were very poor, and when the king offered them a great deal of money, they at last consented, thinking that their child would be well cared for.

But the wicked king took the child and put him into a box and rode away to a deep stream. Then he threw the box with the child inside it into the water, and thought that he had thus disposed of the troublesome saying forever.

The box, however, floated down the stream and was stopped at last by the dam of a mill. The miller drew it out of the water. When the saw the child inside, alive and well, he was overjoyed, for he and his wife had no children, and they had long wished for a son.

II

Many years afterwards when the boy had almost grown into a man, the king happened to pass by the mill. Just then a violent storm came on, so he took shelter within the mill. He asked the miller if the handsome lad was his son, and the miller said:

"No, I found him in a box in the water when he was quite a tiny baby."

The king knew at once that it must be the very baby he had tried to drown. Full of anger and fear, he cast about in his mind for some other way of getting rid of the boy.

III

At last he asked the miller if he would spare his boy to take a letter to the queen. When the miller consented, he wrote to his wife, saying:

"As soon as the bearer of this arrives, let him be put to death immediately. Let all be done before I return."

He sealed the letter and gave it to the

young man, who, not thinking of evil, set out at once for the king's palace. In passing through a thick forest he lost his way, and night came on before he could reach the edge of the wood. Seeing a light in a small cottage he knocked at the door, which was opened to him by an old woman, of whom he begged a night's shelter.

"Poor boy!" said the old woman. "You are indeed unlucky to have found your way here. This is a robbers' den, and if the robbers return while you are here, they will kill you."

"I must take my chance of that," replied the youth. "I am so tired I can go no farther, and if I spend the night in the wood, I shall surely be torn to pieces by the wild animals."

So, laying the letter on the table, he stretched himself on a bench, and fell fast asleep.

Soon the robbers came home. When they saw the lad, they were very angry, and asked who he was. The old woman told them that

he was a king's messenger, carrying a letter to the queen. Then they saw the letter lying on the table, and breaking it open, read what was written. But when they read that as soon as the boy arrived he was to be put to death, they were filled with pity. The robber captain tore up the king's letter and wrote another, saying:

"As soon as the bearer of this arrives, let him be married to the princess. Let all be done before I return."

When the lad awoke in the morning, he took up the letter and went on his way. The queen read the letter, and as the youth was handsome and kind, she was quite pleased at the thought of having him for a son-in-law, and married him straight away to the princess.

IV

When the king returned and found that in spite of all he had done, the old saying had come true, he was terribly angry, and made up his mind to rid himself of the youth in some way.

So he called his son-in-law to him and said, "No man may have my daughter for a wife unless he brings me three golden hairs from the beard of the giant who lives in the Wonderful Cavern."

"I will soon get them," said the youth. Taking leave of the princess, he set out on his journey.

Soon he came to a large city, at the gate of which the people stopped him and asked him what trade he knew.

"I know everything," said the youth.

"Then you are just the man we want," they said. "If you will tell us why the fountain in the market place, which usually gushes out wine, has dried up and will now not even spout water, we will give you two donkeys laden with gold."

"Very well," said the youth, "I will tell you when I come back."

Then he traveled on and came to another city. There the people also stopped him, and asked him what trade he followed.

"I know everything," he replied.

"Then," said they, "will you tell us why the apple tree in our town, which used to bear golden fruit, now has not even a leaf upon it?"

"Wait until I come back," answered he, and went on his way.

Soon he came to a wide river over which he had to pass. The ferryman asked him, as the people of the towns had done, what trade he followed, and what he knew.

"I know everything," he answered as before.

"Then," said the ferryman, "I pray you to tell me why I am bound forever to ferry over this water, and never get away. If you can tell me that, I shall give you many thanks."

"When I come home," said the young man, "I will tell you all about it."

V

When he had crossed the water he came to the Wonderful Cavern. The giant was not at home, but his grandmother sat at the door in her easy chair.

"What do you want?" she asked, and the youth said boldly:

"I want three golden hairs from the giant's beard. I want to know why the city fountain that used to run wine is now dry and does not even run water; and I want to know why the tree that bore golden apples is now leafless, and what it is that binds the ferryman to his post?"

"Those are three puzzling questions," said the old lady, "and you run a great risk when the giant comes home. However, I will change you into an ant and hide you in my dress and see what I can do for you." Then she changed him into an ant and hid him in her dress and waited until the giant came home.

As soon as the giant came in, he began to search the room.

"All is not right here," he said. "I smell man's flesh."

Then the old grandmother began to scold. "It has just been all swept out and everything put in order," she said, "and

His Grandmother Sat at the Door in Her Easy Chair

now here you are upsetting everything again. For goodness' sake, sit down and eat your supper, and leave the room alone."

The giant sat down and ate his supper. Then he laid his head down on the old woman's lap and fell asleep.

As soon as he began to snore she seized one of the golden hairs in his beard and pulled it out.

"Mercy!" cried the giant, waking up with a start. "What in the world are you about?"

"I have had a dream that worried me," said the old woman, "and in my trouble I seized hold of your beard. I dreamed that the fountain in the market place of a city that used to run wine was dry, and now would not even give water. What can be the cause of it?"

"There is a toad under the stone in the fountain," said the giant. "If they would take him out, the wine would soon flow again." Then he fell asleep once more.

She Seized One of the Golden Hairs in His Beard and Pulled It Out

As soon as he was fast asleep, the old woman pulled out another hair.

"What are you doing now?" cried the giant in a rage.

"Don't be angry," said she. "I did it in my sleep. I have had another dream. I dreamed that the tree which used to bear golden apples now has not even so much as a leaf upon it. What can be the reason for that?"

"There is a mouse gnawing at the roots. If they were to kill him, the tree would bear golden apples again. Now let me go to sleep in peace. If you wake me again I shall beat you."

But no sooner was he asleep again than the old woman pulled out the third golden hair. The giant jumped up with a roar of pain. He was about to give his grandmother the beating he had promised her, but once again the old woman quieted his anger, and said:

"I have had such a strange dream. Only tell me the meaning of it, and I shall take care not to trouble you again. I dreamed I

saw a ferryman, who was obliged to row forever backwards and forwards over the water. What is it that binds him to his task?"

"Silly fool!" said the giant. "If he were but to give the pole into the hands of one of his passengers, he need never ferry again."

Then the old woman, having learned all she wanted, let him sleep in peace.

The next morning, after the giant had gone out, she changed the ant into the young man again, and gave him the three golden hairs. The youth then set out on his return journey.

He soon came to the ferryman, who knew him again, and eagerly asked for the answer he had promised him.

"Ferry me over first," said the youth, "then I will tell you."

When the boat arrived at the other side he told the ferryman to give the pole into the hand of one of his passengers, and then he would be free.

The ferryman thanked him very much for his advice, and the youth went on his way. The next place he came to was the city where the apple tree grew.

"Kill the mouse," he said, "that gnaws at the roots of the tree, and you will have golden apples again."

The people of the town gave him a rich present as a reward for his help, and he set off again and traveled up to the city where the fountain had dried up.

The people asked him the answer to their question, and he told them to kill the toad under the stone in the fountain. They were overjoyed, and gave him the two donkeys laden with gold as they had promised him.

VI

When he reached home and gave the king the three golden hairs, the king could no longer object to his son-in-law. When he saw all the gold the youth had brought home with him, he cried out:

"My dear son! Where did you find all this gold?"

"On the other side of the river," replied the young man. "I crossed the water and brought it away with me."

"Is there any more left?" asked the king.

"Plenty—if you care for the trouble of going after it," answered the youth.

He is Ferrying There to This Day

VII

Away went the greedy king, and when he came to the river he beckoned to the ferryman to come and ferry him over. The ferryman took him into the boat, gave the pole into his hand, and sprang ashore,

leaving the old king to ferry over the water in his place.

And unless somebody has taken the pole out of his hands, he is ferrying there to this day.

---

1. Why does the story say that the poor boy was born under a lucky star?
2. Who wished to dispose of him? Why?
3. How did the boy finally win the king's consent to have his daughter?
4. What happened to the king?
5. Why didn't he escape as the boy had?

Do you suppose the second grade would enjoy hearing this story? It is divided into parts which makes it easier to tell. The first part has a name. What names did you decide upon for the other parts. Let us select the best headings for each part, write them on the blackboard, and then choose someone to tell each part.

Remember that you are each responsible for your part, and if you do not tell it well you may spoil the whole story.

MORE LITTLE STORIES TO BE ACTED

Here are eight little stories or parts of stories, each of which may be acted. Whether they are well acted or not will depend upon how carefully they are read.

Read over each one, and think just how you would act the story so that others would know it.

After you have read all the stories, your teacher will whisper to you which one you are to act. You should then read that story again carefully. No one else will know which is yours. When your turn comes, you must act your part so well that your classmates will easily know the story which was given to you. Your classmates will decide which story was acted best and why.

---

1. Her birthday party! Barbara clapped her hands with delight and then pointed to

the cake with the seven red candles brightly burning. "See, see," she said, "there are seven candles and I am seven years old."

2. It was the day of the great game. Proudly Sam stepped to the plate in his new uniform, seized the bat, struck hard at the first ball, failed to hit it, and again he struck, but the ball was safe in the catcher's hands. For the third time he made a mighty swing, but once more he missed the ball. He threw his bat to the ground and walked disgustedly away. He had struck out.

3. The poor little bird had hurt his wing. Gertrude stooped down and gently lifting the little fellow in her hands, laid him carefully in the nest above her head.

4. The old woman bent low under the heavy bundle of sticks which she was carrying, and her steps were slow and unsteady.

5. Sarah was practicing her music lesson. Her fingers just flew over the keys until she came to a hard place in the music, then they went slower and slower until at last

they stopped. Then she turned the page and began practicing again.

6. The elf tiptoed into the room, made sure that no one was about and that the doors were all locked, then sat down at the shoemaker's bench and began to make shoes as fast as he knew how.

7. John picked up a small branch from the ground. He drew a piece of cord from his pocket and fastened it to the branch. Then he took a pin from his coat and bent it into a hook. He tied the hook to the end of the cord. Next he pulled something from a tin can that he had beside him and put it on the hook. He was now ready to fish.

8. Rose was sitting in the big armchair, reading a book. Suddenly she lifted her head and listened. Then she threw down the book and ran to the door. She flung it open and held out her hand.

UNDERSTANDING

Write your name, grade, and date on your paper as you usually do. Beginning with the fourth line, number the lines from 1 to 7.

This is an exercise to test your understanding of what you read. Here are seven problems. Do just what each problem says, as rapidly as possible, but also very carefully. You will be marked for both speed and correctness.

---

1. If Tuesday comes after Wednesday, write the word "back" on the first line; but if Wednesday comes after Tuesday, write the word "before" there.

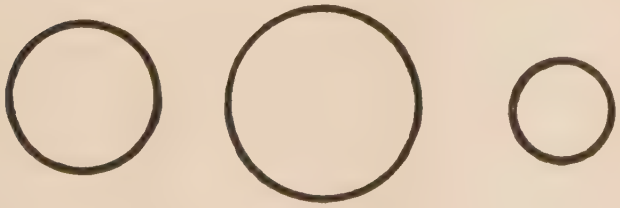
2. If kings sit on thrones, write "crown" on the second line; but if not, put a cross there.

3. If January is colder than June, write "ice" on the third line; but if June is colder, write "water" there.

4. If there are older children in the kindergarten than in the third grade, write "play" on the fourth line; but if not, write "work" there.

5. If George is a boy's name, write "yes" on the fifth line, but if it is a girl's name, write "no" there.

6. Here are three circles. If the smallest circle is in the center, draw a circle on the sixth line; but if the largest circle is in the center, make a cross on the sixth line.



7. If Christmas day comes in June, write "winter" on the seventh line; but if it does not, write "summer" there.

A STORY TO NAME

Here is a story to which no name has been given. After you have read it, you are to name it. The name should give some idea of the story and yet should not spoil the interest in it by telling too much. Read rapidly to see what the story is about.

It was Saturday morning, and Roger Mason and Skip, his little water spaniel, were on their way to the Centerville Station to meet Fred. It had been nearly a month since Fred, the younger brother, had gone to visit Uncle Henry in Weston, and now he was coming home. Roger's heart beat fast with joy, and even Skip seemed to know that there was good reason for being happy.

Roger crossed the new bridge, bright with its coat of red paint, and was soon at the station. When the train rushed in,

Fred, who had come all the way from Weston in the care of a friendly conductor, stepped off. The first thing that he said was, "My! how Skip has grown!" The spaniel knew that they were talking about him. He wagged his tail with all his might and barked in answer.

Soon they were on the road home, and Fred was listening to Roger's stories of the adventures he had had with their companion, Skip.

Before the red bridge was reached, the boys and the dog came to an old farmhouse where no one lived. The roof had sagged; nearly all the windows were broken and the paint on the walls had long since been washed away by the rains. In front of it, under the great maple that shaded the yard, was a deep spring of cool water.

"Isn't it hot?" said Fred, squinting up at the sun. "Let's go in under those trees, and try to get a drink of water."

He led the way into the yard. On a nail in one of the trees hung a pail with a string

tied to its handle. A moment later the boys were drinking—slowly, because the water was almost ice-cold.

It was a deep spring walled with rough stones; and down at the bottom, in the round mirror of water, they could see their own faces as they stood near the edge. A cool, moist, mossy smell floated up from its depths.

Skip came panting from chasing a squirrel and stood beside them. Roger poured half a pailful of water into a cuplike hollow in a rock, and the spaniel lapped thirstily. Then he looked over the edge and saw his own furry head showing in the pool below. He barked, and the dog at the bottom of the spring opened its mouth and seemed to answer.

Skip danced with excitement, barking louder than ever, while his two masters shouted with laughter. Suddenly, almost overhead in one of the maples, a bird, frightened by the noise flew twittering from its nest. The boys turned to gaze after it.

At the same instant they heard a strange yelp from the little spaniel, and the sound of a falling stone. They looked around, Skip was gone from the edge of the spring. A moment before he had been almost at their feet, and now there was only a fresh mark in the earth where one of the stones had slipped from the edge.

They dreaded to look down, but a tiny splashing sound came from below, as they peered over the edge. There—very far below it seemed to the excited boys—was Skip, swimming bravely in a little circle. Twice he tried to climb the smooth rocks that lined the spring, but each time after pawing vainly for a foothold he slipped back. As he paddled around and around, he whined in such a pitiful way that the tears came to the boys' eyes.

"The rope!" cried Roger. He had no sooner spoken than Fred began to lower it with the pail at the end; but it was a very small pail, and although Skip made for it the moment it touched the water, and

tried to hold on with teeth and paws, all his efforts seemed of little use. Every time they tried to pull it up, the spaniel held fast for a moment, then fell back, and disappeared with a splash.

Again and again they tried, but all in vain. The last time Skip did not even have the strength to swim for the pail, but clung to a rock, with little more than his nose and his two appealing eyes showing.

"We must get something else," said Fred, trying to keep the sob from his voice. He ran toward the farmhouse, and looked about. An old peach basket was lying beside the rickety steps. He seized it, and rushed back to Roger.

Quickly they tied the cord to its rim, though their fingers trembled for fear they were too late.

"Here!" said Roger, as he placed a stone in the bottom. "That will make it sink so that we can get it under him."

They lowered the basket together. Skip, who was too tired to swim, watched it with

A Moment Later They Stepped Back from the Edge

eyes that showed that he knew that this was his last chance. The basket sank. The boys moved it carefully under him, and began to pull upward.

"He's in!" shouted Fred.

The load was heavy for the slender cord, and they lifted slowly, hoping that it would not break. A moment later they stepped back from the edge with their strange basket load.

Little Skip could only wag his tail at first. His two happy masters took him to a sunny spot by the road. They wiped the water from his fur, rubbed him down, and patted him again and again. Soon Skip had recovered from his adventure. He barked and frisked around Fred and Roger and thanked them plainly in his dog language. When the three companions started home, the sun seemed to shine brighter than ever, and a great deal of joy was in their hearts.

—C. H. Ernst

Courtesy of *The Youth's Companion*

1. Every well written story has some one main thought or some one special person or thing that it tells about. This is called its subject. There may be many other things mentioned in the story, but it should be easy to find the real subject.

2. What do you think is the subject of this story? What name would you choose for the story? Read the story again carefully to see if you have made the best choice of subject and name. Your teacher will write on the blackboard all the different names that are chosen. Which name do you think is the most suitable?

3. What do you think they would have done if it had been a strange dog in the spring?

4. It is not always wise to touch a strange or frightened dog, for a hurt dog sometimes, in his pain and fright, attacks the person who is trying to help him. However, there are sometimes ways to get help for such an animal, especially in towns and cities. Do you know of any such way? Be ready to tell the class about it.

OPPOSITES

This drill will show you how well you can follow printed directions and will help you to be careful in observing and using words. Follow each direction very carefully.

1. Prepare your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second line. Then beginning on the fourth line number the lines from 1 to 12.

2. Below are twelve sets of words. In each set the first word is followed by three other words. One of these three words is just opposite in meaning to the first. Look at the first set. "Far" is the first word. Now read the three words that follow it (near, deep, over). Which of these words means just the opposite to far? "Near," of course, is the word. Write these two words with opposite meanings after figure 1 on your paper, as follows:

1. Far—near

3. Pick out the words in the second set that have opposite meanings and write them after figure 2 as follows:

2. Lifted—lowered

4. Now finish the exercise by picking out the two words in each remaining set and writing them after the proper figure on your paper. When you finish, raise your hand as a signal to your teacher.

---

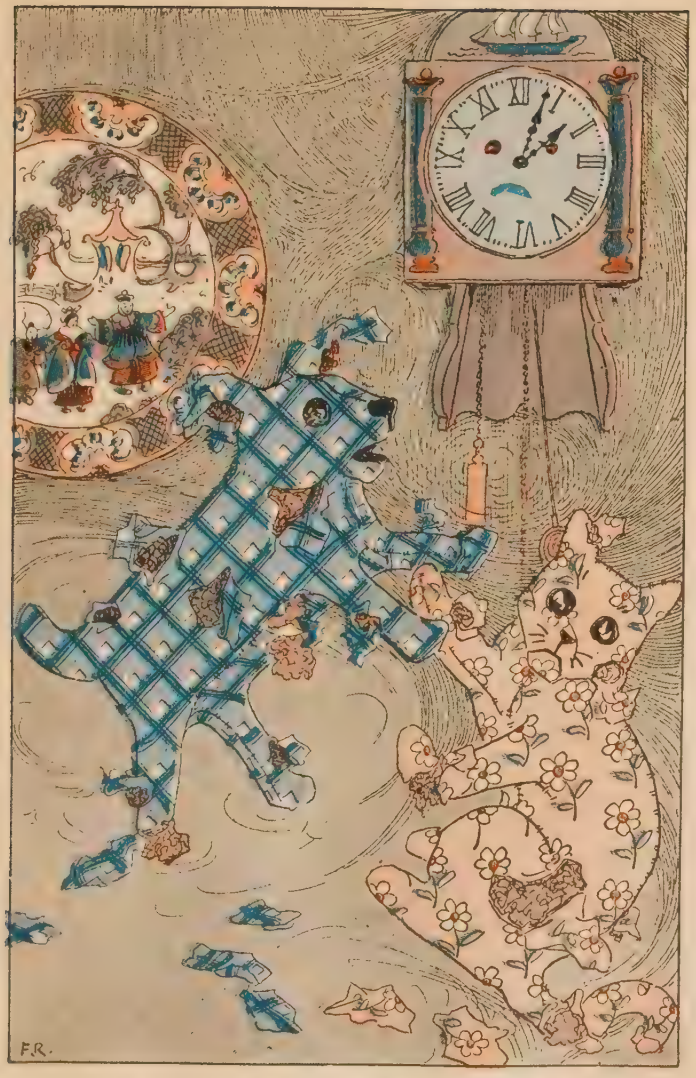
1. Far (near, deep, over)
2. Lifted (floated, touched, lowered)
3. Quickly (friendly, bravely, slowly)
4. First (each, last, more)
5. Top (bottom, well, pool)
6. Front (beside, back, below)
7. Ice-cold (moist, hot, cold)
8. Before (beside, toward, after)
9. Rickety (new, firm, vainly)
10. Sooner (desperately, plainly, later)
11. Smooth (fresh, rough, hollow)
12. Sunny (shady, mossy, happy)

THE DUEL

Eugene Field was an American poet who was always doing things to make children happy. He wrote many poems for them. This is one of his best. Of course it is nonsense, but you will enjoy it.

A duel is a fight between two persons where there are special rules that both must obey. Do you remember a story in which there was a funny duel?

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state*
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)



THE GINGHAM DOG WENT "BOW-WOW-WOW!"

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind; I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate—*
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;

And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
And that is how I came to know.)

—Eugene Field

---

1. Who fought the duel?
2. Have you ever seen a "gingham dog" or a "calico cat"?
3. Who saw the fight?
4. Read the line that tells *how* they fought.
5. Who told the poet about it?
6. Have you ever seen a clock with its hands over its face?
7. Read the line that tells how the Chinese plate felt.
8. What did folks think happened to the gingham dog and the calico cat?
9. What does the poet say happened to them?
10. Read the line that tells how the poet knew.

A TEST OF WHAT YOU KNOW

WHERE WOULD YOU GO?

This lesson will show you whether you know where to go to get things done.

Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade and the date on the second. Leave the third line blank. Then, beginning on the fourth line, number the lines from 1 to 10.

Below are two columns of word groups. A certain group in the second column belongs to a certain group in the first. Place the groups in the second column where they belong. Think: "Where would you go to get a book to read?" Answer, "to a library." Write, "to a library" on line 1.

Write the rest of the answers on the right line. When you have finished, put your pencil on your desk and wait for the others to finish.

1. To get a book to read
2. To get an automobile repaired
3. To buy a pound of sugar
4. To have a tooth filled
5. To get your hair cut
6. To buy a postage stamp
7. To buy a new hammer
8. To get a check cashed
9. To send a telegram
10. To buy a gold ring

To a telegraph office
To a post office
To a hardware store
To a bank
To a jewelry store
To a grocery store
To a dentist
To a library
To a barber shop
To an automobile repair shop

HOW DO THEY TRAVEL?

This exercise will show you whether you have keen eyes.

Write your name on the first line of your paper. Write your grade and the date on the second line. Write nothing on the third line. Beginning with the fourth line, number the lines 1 to 7.

From the words in the second column select a word that belongs to a word in the first column. For example, the word *crawl* belongs to the word *worms*, so you would write *crawl* on line 1.

1. worms	swim
2. toads	crawl
3. bees	creep
4. snakes	hop
5. people	fly
6. horses	trot
7. fish	walk

THE RED SQUIRREL

After you have read this selection about the red squirrel, see if you can compare his habits with those of the wild rabbit.

By his cleverness and swiftness, the red squirrel manages to live among his enemies. His shape, color, and activity help him to escape the hunter. During the winter he is dingy in color, but in the spring he dons a brighter coat, which seems to fade as summer passes.

He has short legs because he is a climber rather than a runner. His hips are very strong so that he can jump from branch to branch. He has sharp claws with which he clings to the bark as he runs up and down the trees.

With his long, beautiful, bushy tail, the squirrel expresses surprise, fear, anger, and

joy. He also uses it to balance himself as he runs along the branches of trees. He uses his front paws for hands in a most human way. He washes his face with them, and holds his food up to his mouth when he is eating.

The red squirrel has two pairs of gnawing teeth, which are long and strong. With them he opens nuts in such a way that he gets all of the meats. He will eat almost anything he can get including the farmer's grain and seeds. He stores his food for winter in all sorts of odd places and often forgets where he puts it.

Squirrels have certain roads to and from their nests which they usually follow. Such a path may be entirely in the tree tops with places where they jump from a branch of one tree to a branch of another, or it may be partly on the ground. When following these paths, the squirrel travels with reckless haste; but when he leaves them, he goes more carefully.

He has a winter and a summer home.

The winter home may be in some hollow tree, and the summer home is usually a platform of twigs often built on an old crow's or hawk's nest in the tree tops. During the winter he stays at home very little except during the coldest weather. He is too busy hunting for the food he has stored away, frisking about in the snow, and stealing the food put out for the birds. He is a rascal, but we all love to watch the graceful, little fellow.

Here are eleven sentences about the squirrel. Each one has three endings. One is true and the other two are not. Arrange your papers as usual. Number the lines from 1 to 11, and write after each number the correct ending for the sentence with that number.

---

1. The red squirrel is able to escape the hunter—
   because he has a bushy tail.
   because he is swift and clever.
   because he lives so far away.

2. His legs are short and strong—
   because he is a runner.
   because his body is so heavy.
   because he is a climber.

3. He expresses his feelings—
   with his long, bushy tail.
   with his front paws.
   with his teeth.

4. The squirrel washes his face—
   with his bushy tail.
   with his front paws.
   with his sharp claws.

5. When he stores his food for winter—
   he always remembers where he puts it.
   he never remembers where he puts it.
   he sometimes forgets where he puts it.

6. When a squirrel is following a regular path—
   he travels with reckless haste.
   he travels slowly and carefully.
   he travels a long distance.

7. Squirrels usually eat—
only nuts and seeds.
anything they can get.
very little.

8. In the summer the squirrel lives—
in a hollow tree.
in an empty robin's nest.
in a nest of twigs in the tree tops.

9. During the winter the squirrel—
sleeps all of the time.
stays in his nest.
has to work very hard to find his food.

10. The squirrel balances himself—
with his fore paws.
with his tail,
with his body.

11. The squirrel's coat in winter is—
the same color as it is in spring.
brighter than it is in spring.
dingy in color.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

A STORY OF RUSSIA

If you could have three wishes do you suppose you would use them wisely? Here is a story of one man who had two wishes granted him, and another who had four. Which one do you suppose received more from his wishes? You will find out when you read the story. Read rapidly but carefully.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

One Christmas Eve two poor travelers came to the house of a wealthy farmer and asked for a night's shelter. The farmer refused to let them in and told one of them that there was no room in the house for such vagabonds. So they walked on until they came to a little hut where a poor laborer lived with his wife. They knocked

They Were Very Welcome Indeed

and asked for a night's shelter. Here they were told if they would be satisfied with the food the laborer and his wife could offer them, they would be very welcome indeed.

The two strangers were very grateful and entered the little house. The wife whispered to her husband that it was surely fitting that they should entertain their guests properly on Christmas Eve, and they must have a sheep for supper. The husband agreed and dressed their one sheep, so there was a fine roast on the table when they sat down to supper. They all ate together and spent a very happy evening. The strangers told of many wonderful sights, and the laborer told stories that had been told by his father and his father's father and by other fathers before them. When bedtime came, the poor man and his wife gave their own bed to the strangers, while they spread straw on the floor for themselves.

Next morning they all went to church

together, and the poor people asked the travelers to stay with them over Christmas. "We have plenty of food in the house now, and you must help us eat it," they said.

The strangers gladly accepted their friendly invitation. When they were about to go, the visitors thanked their hosts warmly for all their kindness. They said that they were sorry that they could offer them no payment in return. The husband and wife replied that they had not invited them for the sake of a reward.

When the strangers were saying good-by, one of them asked,

"By the way, had the sheep any horns?"

"Oh, yes," replied the man, "but they were of no use to us."

"How many horns did the sheep have?" asked the stranger.

"Two," replied the man, quite surprised by the question.

"Then you may wish for two things," said the stranger, "and your wishes will be granted."

The man said that he and his good wife had no other wish than to have their daily bread here on earth and the hope of heaven after their death.

"May God grant you that," said the stranger. "In a year's time we shall visit you again." And the two went away.

From that day everything went well with the poor couple and in the most wonderful manner. Their only cow had two calves, and the two sheep they bought from the rich farmer had eight strong lambs. Their pig had so many little pigs that you could hardly count them. But, above all, whatever they sowed and planted in their little field grew into a fine crop.

Thus they grew better off from day to day. They were able to add to their little cottage and make it more cozy and comfortable. They looked forward with delight to the next Christmas when the two strangers were to visit them again, for they knew quite well that it was to them that they owed their good fortune.

Their neighbors were greatly surprised at the riches that had come to the laborers. But the people in the farmhouse at which the two strangers had called first were very angry. When they learned that all the blessings which had come to the poor couple were due to the good wishes of the two strangers, they were filled with envy. They said that all these good things would have been theirs, if they had taken the strangers into their house. When they heard that the two strangers had promised to come back the next Christmas Eve, they asked the poor couple to send the strangers to their house as soon as they arrived.

THE NEXT CHRISTMAS EVE

On Christmas Eve the two strangers came as they had promised, and knocked at the door of the poor man's house. Both husband and wife went outside, greeted them heartily, and thanked them for all the blessings that their visit had brought them. The strangers asked whether they

might again spend the night with them and celebrate the holiday in their company. "Nothing would give us more pleasure," said the man, "but we promised the owner of the farmhouse opposite to send you to him. The farmer is sorry that he turned you away last year, and is anxious to make up for his rudeness. Besides, you will be given much better fare there than you would get with us," added he.

"If you wish it," said the stranger, "we will go there tonight, but tomorrow we will go to church with you."

Then they went across to the farmhouse. The farmer and his wife, who had been watching for the strangers' arrival, came rushing out at once. They led the visitors into their best room, and made many excuses for having refused to take them in the year before. The farmer had caused a fat ox to be killed, and a rich meal was put on the table. There were soup and meat and puddings and plenty of the best of everything. The strangers were shown into

a big room in which were two large beds with feather mattresses and pillows as high as the ceiling.

The next morning the visitors rose early. When the rich farmer asked them to spend Christmas with him and his wife, the travelers said that they had to go; that they were going to church first, and that they would continue their journey. The farmer ordered his carriage to be ready, for he would not let his visitors walk to church. When they were about to start, one of the strangers said they did not know how to thank the farmer enough for his kindness and they were sorry that they had no money to offer him.

"But, by the way, had the ox no horns?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed, it had," answered the man, who had heard from his neighbors of the farewell talk that had taken place the year before at the home of the laborer.

"How many horns had he?" asked the stranger.

The wife pulled her husband's sleeve and whispered, "Say four." Then the farmer said that the ox had had four horns.

"Then you may choose four wishes," said the stranger, "and they will be granted. You may each have two."

The strangers then got into the carriage, called at their poor friends' house, and took them to church. The farmer, who had driven the carriage himself, hurried home so that he and his wife might decide upon the four wishes. They would now be able to get everything that their hearts desired.

So eager was he to get home that he did not even enter the church at all, but whipped up his horses and drove back at such speed that one of the horses stumbled and broke the reins.

"Zounds!" he cried, as he jumped down and tied the reins together again. Just as he started again the other horse fell.

"I wish the witches had you both," said the man. And behold, both the horses were gone, and he was left sitting in the

carriage with the reins in his hand. There was nothing for him to do but to leave the carriage in the road and go the rest of the way home on foot. One of the wishes thus ended badly, but he did not mind, for had he not three other wishes? He could wish himself as many horses as he liked, and all kinds of other things besides, he thought as he walked along cheerfully.

Meanwhile his wife had been wandering about the house, eagerly awaiting her husband's return. She hoped that he would hurry home so that they could begin their wishing. At last she went outside to look for him, but as she did not see him, she exclaimed, "Oh, I do wish that slow coach were here." And behold! there he stood before her.

"Oh, dear me," she said, "I have wasted one of my wishes. But why have you arrived on foot, and what have you done with the horses and the carriage?"

"The horses are gone, and it was my fault," he replied. "I wished them to the

"I Wish the Horns Were Stuck on Your Head"

witches. We should not have told the strangers that the ox had four horns. It was you who advised me to do so; I wish the horns were stuck on your head." And bang! there they were.

Now three of the wishes were used. Only

one of them was left, and it belonged to the wife. Then the husband began to coax his wife and said, "Dear wife, make good use of the last wish and wish us a great deal of money. Then all may yet be right!"

"No, thank you," replied his wife, "do you think I want to walk about all my life with these horns on my head?"

Of course she did not, so she wished the two horns would vanish, and they were gone at once. And so the farmer and his wife were not a bit better off for all their wishes and they had lost a couple of good horses in the bargain.

—*An Old Russian Story*

MISSING WORDS

From this list of words choose words to fill the blanks in the sentences below.

Arrange your papers as usual. Number the lines from 1 to 10, and write after each number the word which is missing in the sentence with that number. The word

"refused" is missing in the first sentence. Write "refused" on the first line.

---

invited	vanish	eager
desired	advised	celebrate
reward	entertain	grateful
refused		

---

1. When the travelers asked the wealthy farmer for a night's shelter, the rich farmer ———to take them in.

2. The strangers were———to the poor laborer for the welcome he gave them.

3. The poor couple tried to———their guests properly on Christmas Eve.

4. They did not expect any———for their kindness.

5. The strangers wished to———the next Christmas with the poor couple.

6. The rich farmer———the strangers to spend the second Christmas at his home.

7. The rich farmer's wife———him to say that the ox had four horns.

8. The rich couple thought they would be able to get everything they———with four wishes.

9. They were so———to begin wishing that they wasted their wishes.

10. The rich woman's last wish was that the two horns would———from her head.

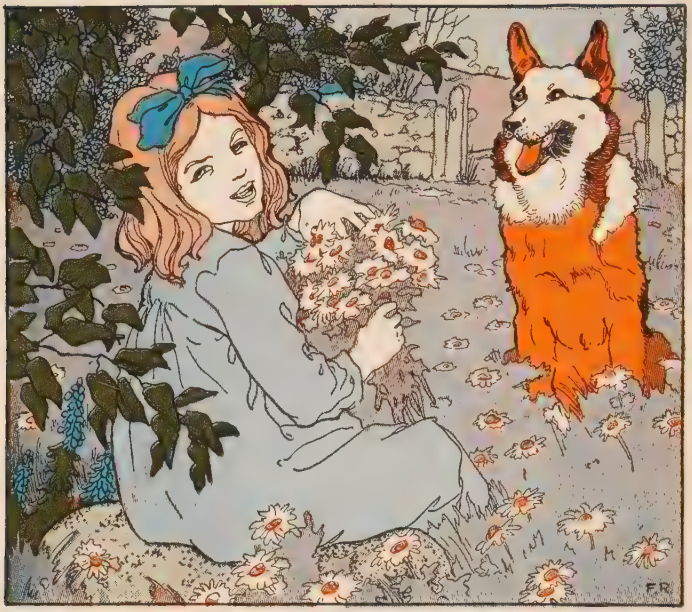
CLEAR THINKING

Can you think things out for yourself? See if you can give the right answer to each of the following questions. Arrange your papers in the usual way and write your answers.

1. Mr. Wilson drove eighty miles in two hours and Mr. Brown drove eighty miles in three hours. Which one drove the faster? Write his name on line 1.

2. Frank and John wanted to know the meaning of a word. Frank looked in a story book and John in a dictionary. Which one found the meaning of the word more quickly? Write his name on line 2.

3. Mrs. Brown bought two pounds of feathers and Mrs. Ash bought two pounds of butter. Which one had the larger package? Write her name on line 3.



"Oh, I Am So Happy When It's June!"

JUNE

Here is a poem about a lovely month. All through it are little pictures. Try to see them as you read. Be ready to read the lines that tell about the picture you like best.

Roses in the garden, blossoms on the clover,
Days of long vacation, coming, coming soon!
Gay days, play days, school is almost over;
Oh, I am so happy when it's June!

In the morning-glories honey bees are humming,
Daisies white are nodding to the sun at noon.
Gay days, play days, summer time—just coming;
Oh, I am so happy when it's June!

Sometimes on the river, after daylight passes,
There's a golden pathway shining 'neath the moon.
Fireflies wave their torches o'er the meadow grasses.
Even night is lovely, when it's June.

—Mrs. Anna C. Ayer

---

1. Which stanza do you like best? What do you like about it?
2. Which line do you like best? Do you like the way it sounds, or do you like the picture it makes?
3. What lines sound like music?
4. Make a picture of what you saw as you read the last stanza.

THE MUSIC LESSON

You have seen boys in football practice passing the ball back and forth over and over again so as to be able to do it well in the game.

This is the story of a boy who wished to do something well yet was not willing to practice doing it until something strange happened to him.

Pedro frowned as he took his seat at the piano. He was very fond of music, but he did not like to practice. "If people could only know how to play without having to learn how!" he thought.

The book opened at the page that contained his lesson of the day before. There were heavy pencil marks round one part of the music.

"That's the part you should practice

most," Pedro's teacher had said as she made the marks.

But that was just what Pedro did not want to do. He wrinkled up his nose and played the first page. Then he played the hard part, missing a note here and there, and went on into the last part, which was easy like the first. He played the piece over and over; and every time it was like running along a pleasant lane, scrambling through a bog at the bottom, and then running easily again.

"I don't like that old hard place," thought Pedro. When he came to it the fourth time he paused a minute, "I believe I'll skip it," he said to himself.

Just then, to his surprise he heard the passage played through, softly and correctly, not very far from his elbow. Where did the sound come from? At the end of the difficult passage the playing stopped.

Pedro stared at the corner where the music had seemed to be. Nothing was there but the wall that separated his

mother's apartment from another apartment in the same building. The sound must have come from that other room, of course, but why had he never heard it before? He did not know that there was any piano in the house except his own.

Soon he began to practice again. And a second time he stopped when he came to the hard place in the music.

"Why not skip that passage and go on to the easy part," he said to himself.

Just then, to his surprise the unseen piano played the tune again. Very clearly and beautifully the passage was played once more.

"Oh, if I could only play it like that!" Pedro thought.

Again he played the first page and paused. But that time the music was not played on the other side of the wall. Pedro tried once again, but still there was silence.

"Well, then, I'll stop, too," he said, and closed his music book with a bang.

But in a moment he opened it again.

If only he could play that part through without making a mistake! He stared at the hard passage.

"I will do it," he said.

To his surprise, the passage seemed easier when he came to it again. He followed in memory the playing he had just heard. Once he played the wrong note. Instantly it was corrected, loud and clear, on the other side of the wall. Then he stumbled at a very hard bar and stopped for a moment—but not for long. The unseen player played the bar through, and then Pedro saw where his mistake had been and made it right.

After a while the boy heard a short, sharp sound like the closing of a piano.

"I suppose that person's finished for today," he thought, "and so have I. But I don't believe I shall mind practicing tomorrow."

That evening Pedro's mother said, "We have a new neighbor. There was a furniture van down in the street all yesterday morning."

"I know we have a new neighbor," Pedro answered. He smiled to himself; later on he would tell his mother, but not yet.

For the rest of that week he really enjoyed practicing. Sometimes he had to work alone, but often he had the player on the other side of the wall to help him. By the end of another week he had learned the piece almost perfectly. His regular music teacher was puzzled, but she was very much pleased, too.

Several times he saw his new neighbor in the hallway—a dark-eyed young man with a pleasant face. Though he never spoke to Pedro, there was a twinkle in his eyes when they met.

One day as Pedro entered the front door, he heard a well-known air whistled on the stairs. Presently the stranger came running down, two steps at a time, still whistling. He laughed when he saw the little boy. It was the very tune that Pedro had learned to play.

Not long after that Pedro's uncle came

for a visit. Uncle Carlo was a great lover of music, and the first thing he did was to buy tickets for a concert.

"Do you still like music, Pedro?" he asked. "How is it with your practicing?"

"Practicing is easier than it used to be," Pedro answered, but he did not say why.

Their seats that night were very near the stage. Everyone was talking about the wonderful young player who was to be the principal performer.

"If you could have such a man as that for your teacher, Pedro," said Uncle Carlo, "you would soon be a good player."

Just then the musician walked out on the stage. When Pedro saw him he jumped up in his seat.

"Oh, oh!" he cried. "I have had him for a teacher. Uncle Carlo! I have, really!"

"What in the world does the boy mean?" said Uncle Carlo, but the people were clapping so wildly that no one heard him.

Then the young man began to play. When he had finished, the clapping was

louder than ever; it kept him bowing this way and that.

Pedro clapped with the rest.

"It's the young man that plays on the other side of the wall," he said, "the very same young man!"

He felt that he must do something besides clap, so he whipped out his little red handkerchief and waved it wildly.

The bright fluttering color caught the musician's eye. He saw Pedro and recognized him. Smiling broadly, he waved back at the boy. Everyone turned to look, and Pedro's chest swelled with pride and pleasure.

But that was not all. At the end of the concert the young man played once more, and the people called him back again and again. At length he sat down at the piano and began to play something that sounded very familiar to Pedro. The little boy listened with all his ears. Could it be—yes, it was the same air, in a more difficult form that he had been practicing for weeks.

It was a composition of the great Mendelssohn's.

Pedro leaned forward in his seat. "Now the hard place is coming," he thought after a while. And lo, and behold, as the musician played the "hard place" softly, smoothly, and with wonderful skill, he lifted his eyes, looked straight at Pedro and laughed again!

"That's how I'm going to play it one of these days," said Pedro under his breath.

Long years afterwards he kept his word, and when that day came, the dark-eyed young man sat in the audience and clapped for Pedro.

—E. Olive Davis and Isabel Jamison
Courtesy of *The Youth's Companion*

---

1. How many are learning to play some musical instrument? How many like to practice? Do you suppose the young man had to practice? Yes, in the beginning very much, but even after he became a great musician he still had to practice several hours every day.

2. How did the young man help Pedro? That is not as easy a question as it seems. There were two ways in which Pedro was helped. See if you can find each way.

3. Why do you think Pedro was fond of music?

4. What do you think would have happened to Pedro's music if the young musician had not moved next door?

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

Here are fourteen unfinished sentences. For each sentence three answers are given. One answer is right and the other two are wrong. Select the right answer to each sentence and write it on the line of that number.

---

1. Flannel is a kind of———fish, fruit, cloth.

2. A sailor works on a——ship, street, truck.

3. A general is———a merchant, an army officer, a magician.

4. Shrimps are———flowers, candy, sea food.

5. Buttercups are———flowers, stories, fruit.

6. Mermaids are———grandmothers, teachers, sea nymphs.

7. Scarlet is the name of a———color, toy, horse.

8. Boats travel———in the air, on the water, under the ground.

9. An admiral is an officer of———the police force, the United States Army, the Navy.

10. A channel is a———necklace, road, body of water.

11. Corn grows———in a greenhouse, on a farm, under the water.

12. Butter is made from———potatoes, wheat, milk.

13. Crimson is the name of a———boy, color, city.

14. Forlorn means———miserable, glad, tired.

A Sea-green Porpoise Carried Away His Wrapper of Scarlet Flannel

THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

Here is another nonsense poem. If anything, it is more of a nonsense poem than "The Owl and the Pussy Cat." After you have read it, perhaps you can tell why. Let the words sound in your mind as you read, and it will seem funnier. Then someone may read it aloud.

The Pobble who has no toes
  Had once as many as we
When they said, "Some day you may lose
    them all";
  He replied, "Fish, fiddle-de-dee!"
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink—
Lavender water tinged with pink,
For she said, "The world in general knows
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes
  Swam across the Bristol Channel;

But before he set out he wrapped his nose
In a piece of scarlet flannel.
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's
toes
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,
And when boats or ships came near him,
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,
So that all the world could hear him,
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the farther
side—
"He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore,
The shore of the Bristol Channel,
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet,
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,

His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,
From that dark day to the present,
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,
In a manner so far from pleasant.
Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,
Or crafty Mermaids stole them away—
Nobody knew; and nobody knows
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes
Was placed in a friendly Bark,
And they rowed him back, and carried him up
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;
And she said, "It's a fact the whole world knows,
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

—Edward Lear

1. Is it the words of this poem that you enjoy or the way it swings along?

2. Find the line that tells how a bell sounds.

3. Which line tells how the Pobble swam?

RIDDLES

Read a riddle. Think of the answer. Write the answer on the line opposite the right number on your paper.

1. I live in the woods and fields.
   I am about as big as a cat.
   I have a very short, bushy tail.
   I like to eat carrots and grass.
   Who am I?

2. I live in the big woods.
   I have a long, bushy tail.
   Dogs like to chase me.
   I am cunning and sly.
   Who am I?

3. I am big and gray.
   I live in far-away countries.
   I am afraid of mice.
   You can see me at the circus.
   Who am I?

PLAY ACTING

Here are ten little stories which may be acted. Whether they are well acted or not will depend upon how carefully you have read them. Read over each one and think just how you would act to tell the story to someone else. After you have read all of the stories, your teacher will give you a slip of paper on which is written the number of the story you are to act. You should then read that story again carefully. No one else will know which is yours. When your turn comes you must act your part so well that your classmates will know which story was given to you.

---

1. The blind man walked slowly along, tapping the ground in front of him with his cane. When he came to a crossing, he hesitated, felt for the curb with his cane, and then carefully stepped down.

2. Goldilocks looked in the window. She was so pleased with what she saw that she walked to the door, pushed it open, and stepped inside the house.

3. Henry was cutting the grass with the new lawn mower. Wherever the grass was high he would have to stop, draw his mower back several feet and push it forward again.

4. Jack sat down before the radio and turned first one disk and another in an attempt to tune in on Chicago. A shrill whistle made him jump up.

5. The tiny little bear was surprised to see that someone had sat in his chair. When he saw that the bottom had been broken he began to cry.

6. Little Mary was running happily to school when her foot slipped and down she sat in a puddle. Her smiles changed to tears when she saw her soiled dress. But she brushed off her clothes, dried her eyes, and went on more slowly.

7. The watchman rose from his seat by

the railroad crossing, took his stop signal in his hand and walked to the middle of the track.

8. The motorman sounded the foot gong with all his might. He then threw on the brake and reversed the power of the car as it neared the fallen child.

9. Helen brought out the doll's wash tub and set it on a box. She got her tin bucket and filled the tub with water from the pump. Then she put in Dolly's best clothes and washed them carefully. As each piece was washed, she hung it on the line to dry.

10. Ned was making snowballs as fast as ever he could. As he finished each, he hurled it at someone peeping from behind a tree. Suddenly Ned put his hand up and began to pull snow from the inside of his collar. Someone had hit him with a snowball when he was not looking. He laughed heartily at the joke.

TWO FLIES AND A BEE

Two flies once decided to change their country and travel in foreign lands, so they went to a bee and told her of their plans. The story tells you what happened.

Mrs. Bee was very busy gathering pollen from the snowy plum blossoms, when one of the flies buzzed up to her and said, "Has the parrot ever told you of his travels and the wonderful sights he has seen?"

"I have often heard him squawking, but I have never stopped to listen," said Mrs. Bee.

Now Mrs. Bee, like most anybody else, liked to hear of strange lands and peoples, so she added, "What did the parrot tell you?"

"He tells of boats with fishy eyes,
And glittering towers that reach the skies,"

hummed the flies, trying to be funny.

Then Mrs. Fly had a word to say.

"We are very miserable here," she buzzed. "Folks grow more stingy every day. The rich put their meat and drink in glass cases and the poor are almost as careful to shut us out."

"Buz-z-z," said Mrs. Bee, "my pollen baskets are almost full. I must be going soon."

"And the mean spiders are more cunning than ever. Their silver death traps are in every corner. Besides the weather is dark and dingy," said Mr. Fly finishing their tale of woe.

"Well, friends," said Mrs. Bee, "You will have to decide for yourselves. For my part I am quite content to remain here at home. Folks like my honey, and as for the weather, we manage to live. On sunny days we gather honey. When it rains

we work in the hive. We have our work to do and cannot leave it to roam abroad."

Mr. Fly sailed round and round over Mrs. Bee's head and Mrs. Fly crawled from blossom to blossom.

"It really makes no difference whether you go or stay," said Mrs. Bee as she dusted the pollen from her wings. "You have no useful work to do. I'm sure no one will miss you except the spiders."

The little bee flew home with her baskets of pollen.

Mr. and Mrs. Fly, the lazy things, didn't go abroad at all, but sailed off to the stable where they raised a large and villainous swarm. All summer long you could hear folks say, "Swat that fly!"

This story might be entitled, "Two Enemies and a Friend." As you read it decide which ones are enemies and which one a friend.

Read the questions. Read the answers. Choose the right answer. Stand and read the right answer.

1. Why do we kill flies?
   To make a collection.
   To have something to do.
   To protect our health.

2. Why do we keep flies away from food?
   Because we are stingy.
   Because flies are ugly.
   Because flies are dangerous to health.

3. Why do we screen our homes?
   To keep out the wind.
   To keep out the flies.
   To make our homes pretty.

4. Why is the fly an enemy to good health?
   Because it can fly.
   Because it leaves dirt on food.
   Because it has gauzy wings.

CHOOSING THE RIGHT COLOR

James Stone drew a farm scene. There were hills and trees and a big barn. Near the barn there were—a horse, a cow, a dog, a cat, and a rooster.

Everything about the picture was right except the colors. James got those all mixed up. He made the hills red, the trees blue, and the barn green. The horse was blue, the cow orange, the dog green, the cat pink, and the rooster yellow.

See if you can help James. Draw the picture and use the right colors. What color will you make the horse? Surely not blue.

When your pictures are finished, your teacher will place them in a row in the chalk tray. There she will give you a number to read.

Read your numbers, then go to a picture and point to the answer.

1. Which animal has horns?
2. Which one has claws?
3. Which one has wings?
4. Which one likes to hunt mice?
5. Which one guards the house?
6. Which one eats hay?
7. Show me the largest animal.
8. Show me the one that gives milk.
9. Show me the one that likes to chase rabbits.
10. Show me the one that pulls the plow.
11. Show me the trees.
12. How can we tell by the trees whether it is winter or summer?
13. Show me the barn.
14. Show me the animals that have their homes in the barn.
15. Which animals often sleep in the farmer's house?
16. Which animals are often pets?
17. Name another animal that James did not have in his picture.
18. What does this animal do for man?

I Like to Watch the Clouds Go By

CLOUDS

Have you ever lain on your back in a field on a summer's day and looked up at the great, white clouds floating in the sky? This poem tells of what you might see if you were to do that.

I like to watch the clouds go by
Across the dark-blue summer sky.
Sometimes like children having fun
Or woolly, wind-blown lambs, they run.
Sometimes a circus marches there,
Camels and tigers, pair by pair,
That move apart, then seem to be
A fleet of white-sailed ships at sea.

At sunset they are ladies dressed
All in their fluffy, flouncy best,
Buff-colored basques and rosy shawls,
Old-fashioned ladies paying calls.
But when the day is over, then
They're just a flock of lambs again—
Little white lambs too tired to roam.
I watch the kind wind herd them home.

—Olive C. Richards
Courtesy of *The Youth's Companion*

The poet saw several pictures. He saw:
1. Children having fun.
2. Woolly, wind-blown lambs running.
3. Camels and tigers, pair by pair.

4. A fleet of white-sailed ships on the sea.

5. Ladies in fluffy dresses.

6. Little white lambs too tired to roam.

Choose the picture you like best.

Write that number on your paper.

Draw the picture as you see it.

ANOTHER TEST OF WHAT YOU KNOW

Write your name on the first line of your paper and your grade and the date on the second. Begin on the fourth line, and number them from 1 to 10.

There is a word in the second column that belongs to a word in the first. The word that belongs to "children" is "cake." Write "cake" on line 1.

Complete the list as soon as you can.

The next drills, WHERE DOES IT COME FROM? and WHAT DO THEY DO? WHERE DO THEY LIVE? are arranged in the same way. Your teacher will tell you when to begin the second, the third, and the fourth lists.

1.

WHAT DO THEY EAT?

1. children	flies
2. chickens	meat
3. kittens	worms
4. sparrows	hay
5. spiders	milk
6. dogs	seeds
7. horses	cake
8. sheep	nuts
9. squirrels	cheese
10. mice	grass

2.

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?

1. milk	bees
2. bacon	cow
3. beef	fish
4. mutton	sheep
5. butter	hog
6. honey	cattle
7. salmon	milk
8. bread	chicken
9. eggs	tree
10. apples	plant

3.

WHAT DO THEY DO?

1.	tailor	shines shoes
2.	merchant	drives a street car
3.	newsboy	builds houses
4.	baker	sells meat
5.	butcher	bakes bread
6.	carpenter	sells newspapers
7.	motorman	sells merchandise
8.	bootblack	makes clothes
9.	farmer	works on a ship
10.	sailor	raises vegetables

4.

WHERE DO THEY LIVE?

1.	birds	webs
2.	fish	hives
3.	mice	stable
4.	cows	water
5.	spiders	farms
6.	horses	ground
7.	bees	nests
8.	tigers	holes
9.	worms	woods
10.	wolves	jungle

THE LITTLE GRAY MARE

Here is a story of a man and a horse. Each one of them saved someone's life. Read the story to see how he did it. Read rapidly but carefully.

In a small town in Scotland there lived a kindly old doctor and his little gray mare who were known and loved in all the country roundabout. No sight was more familiar than the old doctor and Nellie making their daily rounds. When people passed them on the road they would shake their heads and smile, as if to say, "They're going to do another good deed." You see, no one ever thought of the doctor without thinking of Nellie, his gray mare, for the two were constantly together.

One dark evening the doctor rode into his yard, tired, hungry, and mud-spattered. Heavy rains the night before had

swollen the streams and made the roads heavy with mud. Nellie was forced to walk every step of her day's journey, instead of trotting briskly as she loved to do. It had been a hard day for her and she was as thankful for her clean, dry stall and her supper of bran mash, as the doctor was for his warm home and the good dinner that he knew were waiting for him.

When the doctor entered the house, a man rose from a seat in the hall. He seemed to have ridden hard and fast, as he was splashed with mud from head to foot. His face was grave with the message that he bore. "Doctor, my wife is very ill," he said. "I feared to leave her, yet I feared to stay. Will you come to her at once?"

The weary doctor's eyes looked beyond the man to the firelit room and his comfortable chair. Then back they came to the man's anxious face. "I will come," he said, "and at once."

"My horse is tired out," said the man, "but I will follow as soon as I can."

Out to the stable went the doctor. "Nellie, old girl," he said, patting the neck of the little gray mare, "our dinners must wait, for the day's work is not yet done."

The little gray mare seemed to understand, for she willingly allowed the saddle and bridle to be placed upon her. Soon the two were making their way through the darkness.

The home of the sick woman was a cabin five miles outside the town in a clearing among the hills. Just out of town they crossed a wooden bridge, and the doctor noticed that the stream had risen almost to the bridge itself. He could hear the lapping of the water against its beams. A fine rain was now falling.

"If the water rises much higher the bridge may be washed away," he thought to himself; but he and the little gray mare went on. The doctor was anxious to reach his patient and the horse seemed to know it. Very carefully, but surely, she picked her away along the dark, muddy road.

An hour passed before they reached the cabin. It was raining hard now, and Nellie was glad of the shelter of an old shed that stood near by. Soon she was sleeping, standing on her four tired, mud-coated legs.

But within the little cabin the doctor was at work, doing everything he could to relieve the sick woman. It took much skill and time, but at last she was out of danger, and he was free to go home. Just at this moment, the husband arrived. He gripped the doctor's hand in silent gratitude.

"Stay overnight with us," he said. "It is raining hard and I'm afraid you'll have a bad journey back."

But the doctor shook his head. Others might need him in the night. He must remain at his post of duty.

Once more in the saddle, the doctor gave Nellie her head, for he knew that the mare was a safer guide than a man on such a night. The rain fell in torrents, and the darkness covered them like a thick curtain. Nellie moved slowly, feeling for every

step she took. Tired with his day's hard work, the doctor fell into a doze.

How long he slept he did not know, but he was awakened by feeling that Nellie had stopped.

"Go on, old girl," he said, "we must get home sometime."

But Nellie would not go on. The doctor dismounted, felt his way along the mare's flank to her head, and peered into the blackness ahead of him. Above the heavy beat of the rain he heard another sound. It was the sound of swiftly flowing water. Then his eyes, becoming used to the darkness, saw that the little mare had stopped on the very edge of a rushing stream. They had come again to the place where the wooden bridge had stood, but it had been washed away by the force of the torrent. A few more steps and he and Nellie might have fallen to their deaths in the rushing water.

"Good old girl," he said huskily into the erect gray ear. He laid his head against

The Mare was Standing on the Very Edge of a Stream

Nellie's and said again, "Good old girl." Nellie dropped her ears, and the two stood silent, head against head. Suddenly Nellie pawed the ground.

"Yes, yes, Nellie girl," said the doctor, "we must be moving. Come, I'll show you another road. It's longer but safer, and it will take us home."

—Albert Lindsay Rowland

1. How did the doctor save a life?
2. Whose life did Nellie save and how did she do it?
3. Why did the doctor feel that he must return home in spite of the storm?
4. What showed how much the doctor trusted Nellie?
5. What showed that she was worthy of his trust?
6. Why did the people love the doctor and his mare?

MISSING WORDS

From this list of words choose words to fill the blanks in the sentences given below. Number your papers in the usual way,

from 1 to 8, and write after each number the word which is missing in the sentence with that number.

constantly	relieve	guide
torrent	familiar	post of duty
anxious	dismounted	

1. It was a———sight to see the doctor and Nellie making their daily round.

2. The doctor and the gray mare were ———together.

3. The doctor was———to reach his patient's bedside.

4. He did everything he could to——— the sick woman.

5. A horse is a safer———than a man on a dark night.

6. When Nellie stopped at the edge of the river, the doctor———to see what was the matter.

7. The force of the———had washed the bridge away.

8. The doctor felt that he must get back to his———.

THE HEN AND THE FOX

A fox crept into an outhouse, and looked about for something to eat. Up on a perch he spied a hen, but she was so high up that he could not reach her. He, therefore, decided to try one of his old tricks.

"Dear cousin," said he to her, "I heard that you were ill, and I could not rest until I had come to see for myself how you were. Pray let me feel your pulse. Indeed, you seem to me to be in great danger."

The hen said: "Truly, dear Reynard, you are quite right. I don't know when I have been in greater danger than I am now. Pray excuse me for not coming down; I am sure I should catch my death."

The fox, finding himself outwitted, made off to try his luck somewhere else.

1. Do you think the hen was ill? Find one word in the story which you think proves your answer to be right.

2. Can you tell another fable about the fox?

CLEAR THINKING

Write your name on the first line and your grade and date below it. Then number the lines from 1 to 12. Below are twelve questions. Read each question carefully and write the correct answer on the right line.

1. If men are usually stronger than women, write x on line 1; if they are not, write the word "women."

2. If five is a larger number than eight, write 5 on line 2; if it is not, write 8.

3. If water is clearer than milk, write the word "glass" on line 3; if it is not, write the word "bottle."

4. If horses are faster than automobiles, write the word "horse" on line 4; if they are not, write the word "automobile."

5. The moon is brighter than the sun. If this is true, write the word "night" on line 5; if it is not true, the word "day."

6. If twenty cents buys more than eleven cents, write the word "dime" on line 6; if it will not, write the word "penny."

7. Fathers are older than their sons. If this is true, write "older" on line 7; if it is not true, write "younger."

8. Is cotton warmer than wool? If you think that cotton is warmer, write the word "sheet" on line 8; if not, write "blanket."

9. Potatoes grow on trees. If this is true, write the word "potato" on line 9; if it is not true, write the word "tree."

10. Can dogs climb better than monkeys? If they can, write "climb" on line 10; if they cannot, write "monkey" there.

11. If silk comes from a plant, write "silk" on line 11; if it does not, write the word "plant."

12. If spring comes when summer is over, write "spring" on line 12; if it does not, write the word "no."

And up the Mountain Sides of Dreams

THE LAND OF NOD

In this poem Robert Louis Stevenson again proved that he had not forgotten his childhood.

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad,
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

---

1. Read the lines that tell us when we go to the land of Nod.

2. Read the line that tells when we come back from the land of Nod.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Here is a little poem to read. Perhaps you will find some things in it that you want explained. Be ready with your questions.

The Man in the Moon, as he sails the sky,
Is a very remarkable skipper;
But he made a mistake when he tried to take
A drink of milk from the Dipper.
He dipped it into the Milky Way,
And slowly and carefully filled it;
The Big Bear growled, and the Little Bear howled,
And scared him so that he spilled it!

—*Old Rime*

STORY TELLING BY ACTING

On the next two pages are ten little stories, each of which may be acted. Whether they are well acted or not will depend upon how carefully you have read them. Read over each story and plan how you would act it. After you have read all the stories, your teacher will whisper to you which one you are to act. You should then read that story again carefully. No one else will know which is yours. When your turn comes, you must act your part so well that your classmates will easily know the story which was given to you. Your classmates will decide which story was acted the best and why.

---

1. Peter Rabbit was walking slowly along, feeling rather uncomfortable because he had eaten too much, when suddenly

he saw Mr. McGregor. He turned and ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

2. The traveler was tired from his long journey. He slipped the heavy pack from his back and knocked loudly at the door of the inn.

3. The maid was in the garden hanging up the clothes, which she took one at a time from the basket beside her on the grass.

4. The boy scouts were in camp. John's duty that night was to gather the wood and build the fire.

5. Mildred was playing ball with her brother. She was proud of the way she was catching and throwing the ball, when suddenly she missed and the ball rolled down the hill.

6. Robinson Crusoe was walking along the shore. He saw the print of a bare foot in the sand. It frightened him. He looked all about. He measured it with his own foot. It was not his. He looked about again; then he hurried home.

7. Robert had to recite a poem at school. He rose, stepped forward, and bowed to the audience. He was now ready to begin, but he could not remember a single word. He stood silent a moment, then rushed from the platform.

8. The man in the crow's nest on the ship was on the lookout. He had spy-glasses in his hand. Every few minutes he raised them to his eyes. He looked to the right, to the left, and ahead. Then he set the glasses down. All was well.

9. John was going to fish. He set down his basket, took some bait from his pail, and baited his hook. He flung the line far out into the stream. Then he waited and watched. Every few minutes he pulled his line up a little to see if he had a bite. Then he pulled it all the way out. The bait was gone.

10. Rose was setting the table for dinner. First she put on the tablecloth. She made it smooth. Then she set places for six people.

THE LEGEND OF THE HUMMING BIRD

A legend is an old, old tale that has been told from father to son since the long ago, before men learned to write their thoughts on paper. Legends usually give a queer reason for some everyday fact of life. Here is one that tells how the humming bird got his gay feathers. It is told in the fanciful way that the Indians speak, and so is full of music and color.

THE BIRD FRIEND

There was once a wise Indian chief who had a brave little son. The boy was loved by all the people of the tribe. The little brothers of the wood stopped often to play with him, and the birds sang their best songs to him. He had a kind heart, and he loved to make everything happy. Best

of all he loved a certain little brown bird that had a tiny nest built high up in a tree and lined with the softest down from fuzzy cat-tails. The bird was smaller than other birds, and it could not sing; but all day long it stayed near the little son of the chief. It seemed to the Indian boy that its wings made music, and so he called it, "The bird with the sweet wing-song."

One day the wise chief had to send a message to another chief who lived far, far away. The message was that the Green Corn Moon was now in the sky, and so it was time to give a feast to thank the Great Spirit for all the fruit and grain that the harvest had brought. The wise chief wished to have his friend come to the feast.

So the wise chief called his little son to him and said, "You must take a message to my friend who is far away. Twice the sun will set and twice it will rise before you reach him. But the trail is plain. The little brothers of the wood will play with you; the birds will sing to you; the

Moon Mother and the stars will guard you; and all night long the little Stars-with-Wings will give you light. Go, my son, and prove that you are the brave son of a brave chief."

So the Indian boy started. Over his head the bird with the sweet wing-song went gaily flying. All through the day the boy journeyed. Whenever he stopped to rest and to eat berries, the little brothers of the wood came stealing out to play with him. That night he slept safe and sound in the friendly wood. The West Wind sang him to sleep, and the Stars-with-Wings stayed near to give him light.

THE TWO TRAILS

When he came to the edge of the wood he found two trails. One led to the chief who was the friend of his father; the other led far away to a chief who never took the trouble to thank the Great Spirit for the harvest. The little Indian boy could not tell which way to go.

"Go, My Bird with the Sweet Wing-Song, and Find the Trail to the Friendly Chief"

He stood still for a while thinking. Presently he said, "Go, my bird with the sweet wing-song, and find the trail to the friendly chief."

The bird flew off; in a moment or two it was out of sight. All through the day and all through the night the boy waited.

At last, just as the Moon Mother was putting the stars to sleep under the white cloud blankets, the tiny bird came back. For a long time the boy and the bird talked together; then they took the trail to the friendly chief. It was a long way to travel, but the boy did not mind, because he knew that he was on the right trail. The chief was glad to see the little son of his friend, and he promised to come to the feast.

THE BIRD'S REWARD

Then the two companions set out for their own lodge fire, the little bird leading the way. When they reached the end of the home trail, all the braves came out to meet them. As they led the boy back to the

He Painted the Sober Coat of the Little Brown Bird

camp, the little bird with the plain brown wings flew above them. The wise chief was proud of his brave little son, for the boy had shown that some day he, too, would be a wise chief, able to lead his people.

The boy told his father that the bird had helped him find the way. "O wise chief, my father," he said, "the little bird is very plain, as you see. Let me show my love by giving him a wonderful suit of feathers!"

The chief was glad to reward his son, and the boy set to work at once. He gathered some flowers and grasses and pressed the color from them. Then with yellow and orange and red from the flowers, and the green from the grasses, he painted the sober coat of the little brown bird.

How beautiful the new suit was! All the other birds were filled with envy. As for the bird with the sweet wing-song, he was so proud that he flew happily round the little son of the chief, and louder and clearer than ever he made a humming sound with his little wings. From that time on he

hummed whenever he moved. Because of the music he made with his wings, he came in time to be called the humming bird.

—Ellen Miller Donaldson

Courtesy of *The Youth's Companion*

---

1. Why did the little humming bird go with the boy on his journey?

2. What might have happened to the little chief if the bird had not gone with him?

3. Who were the little brothers of the wood?

4. Who were the companions of the little chief when he rested at night?

5. How did the bird help the little chief?

6. What was his reward?

7. Can you suggest another title for this story?

8. Can you tell why we said the story was full of music and color?

9. Choose a part of the story that you think is full of music.

10. Choose a part that is full of color.

REMEMBERING THE TITLES OF STORIES

Arrange your paper as usual. Read the first group of sentences. Remember the story they belong to. Write the name of the story on line 1. Do the same thing with each of the groups.

---

1. "I won't," said the Cock.
   "I won't," said the Mouse.
   "Then I'll do it myself," said little Red Hen.
2. Old Sultan made haste to look.
   The wolf was sitting behind the tree.
3. "Let the tiger eat the man."
4. "Well," said the North Wind, "I have nothing else to give you except that old stick over in the corner."
5. "We may just as well give up thinking about that juicy bone," said Dog Bow.

THE HUMMING BIRD

Have you ever heard a humming sound over a flower, seen a bright spot of color, and then before you could really see what it was, it was gone? Perhaps this selection will tell you some things about this tiny bird that you have never known before. Read it rapidly but carefully.

The little chief called the humming bird "the bird with the sweet wing-song," which is a very good name for him. He moves his wings so rapidly that we cannot see them move, but we hear the soft, humming sound they make in action. By the motion of his wings, he can hold himself poised above a flower while he thrusts his long beak into it.

People used to think that he lived entirely on the nectar of flowers, but now

we know that he is also an insect eater with an excellent appetite. Sometimes he catches insects in mid-air. When he thrusts his long beak into a flower, he often helps himself to an insect and a sip of nectar. He pays for his food by carrying the pollen from flower to flower.

The outer edges of the humming bird's tongue are curved over, making a tube on each side. These tubes are provided with tiny brushes at the tips and thus are fitted for sucking nectar and for sweeping up insects.

The ruby-throated humming bird is the one we usually see. Poised over some nectar-giving flower, it is hard to tell the dainty creature from the sphinx moth, sometimes known as the humming bird moth. The humming bird builds the tiniest cup-shaped nest, lined with the down of plant seeds and plant fibers. On the outside, the nest looks exactly like the branch to which it is fastened, which makes it very difficult for man or beast to find it.

The natural home of the humming bird is in the far South, but each summer he travels hundreds of miles to the North to visit us.

When you have finished reading, look at the blackboard and write on your paper the number you see there. Then finish the sentences given below.

Here are six sentences about the humming bird. There are three endings to each sentence. One is better than the other two. Number your papers from 1 to 6, and after each number write the best ending for the sentence with that number.

FINISHING SENTENCES

1. The humming bird makes a humming sound—
   in his throat.
   by the swift motion of his wings.
   with his mouth.

2. His food consists of—
   nectar from the flowers.
   worms and insects.
   insects and nectar.

3. It is hard to find a humming bird's nest—
because it looks like the branch to which it is fastened.
because it is so small.
because it is well built.

4. The natural home of the humming bird is—
in the North.
in the East.
in the far South.

5. It is hard to tell a humming bird—
from a little brown wren.
from a sphinx moth.
from a butterfly.

6. The humming bird gets its name because—
he makes a humming sound when he sings.
his wings make a humming sound when in action.
he sips honey.

THE ESKIMO DOG

In what ways is an Eskimo dog different from other dogs? This selection tells you ten ways in which they are different.

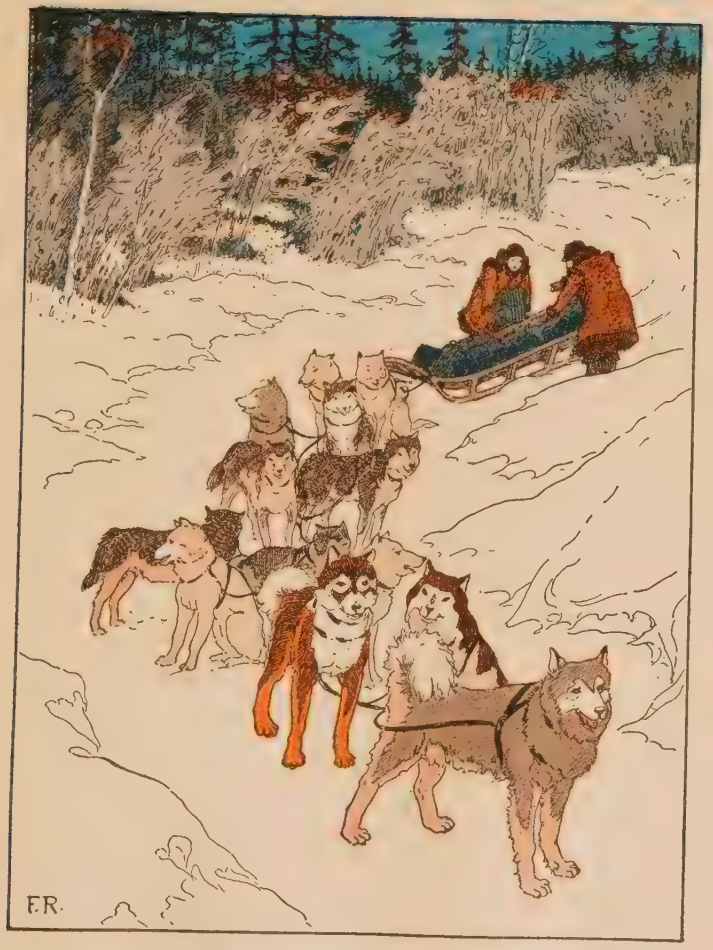
How would you like to own the fine lead dog shown on page 281? I am afraid he would not know how to play. He is an Eskimo sled dog, and has to work for his living all day long. He looks large, but he is really not quite two feet high. He has a light brown fur coat marked with darker patches, a bushy tail, a small head, a pointed nose, and slanting eyes like his master, the Eskimo. If you met him in the woods you might take him for Red-Riding Hood's wolf.

The Eskimo dog is the only beast of burden in Eskimo land. No other animal

can stand the terrible cold of the far-off lands of ice and snow, not even Santa Claus' reindeer. But the Eskimo dog, or huskie as he is sometimes called, does not mind the cold as much as other animals. He has a fur coat, thicker than the coat of any other dog in the world. Indeed, in the very coldest months of the year, he has two coats. The outside one is made of coarse hair, four inches long. Underneath is another coat of short, thick wool, which falls off when the weather gets warmer.

The Eskimo dog has larger feet and stronger shoulders than any other dog in the world. And a very good thing this is, for he has to help pull a sled and its driver from early morning till late at night. He has no time for romping as your dog friends have.

Sometimes as many as nine or ten dogs are harnessed to a sled. They are placed one before the other. The harness is very simple. It consists of a strong collar, a back band, and traces. It is trimmed with



THE ESKIMO DOG HAS TO WORK FOR HIS LIVING

colored beads, bright tassels, and fringe, so that the dogs look very gay against the white snow. Sleigh bells hang from the collar, and make a tinkling, Christmasy sound as the dogs speed along.

No reins are used. The Eskimo dog is guided by his master's voice, the crack of the long whip, and sometimes by its touch. The driver is careful, if he is a wise man, not to use the whip much. Often, when the dog feels the sting of the biting lash, he turns savagely upon the dog behind him, and then there is a fight. The rest of the team join in the battle. The traces become tangled; the sled upsets; and of course, whatever is being carried, tumbles into the snow. The driver often has to separate the dogs to end the fight. Then they must be harnessed all over before the journey can begin again.

Every dog team has a leader which is always a faithful and experienced dog. He knows his master's voice and dashes forward, stops, or turns to the right or left at

the word of command. The others follow his lead.

Usually the leader runs without being guided. If he goes over a trail once, he will be able to find his way over it again. He can find the trail even if it is lost to sight under the snow. Should a traveler lose his way, he can safely trust himself to his dog team. If a trail is to be found, the Eskimo dog will surely find it.

In Central Park, New York, stands a monument to a brave Eskimo dog named Balto. For five days, in a raging blizzard, he led his team over trackless ice fields, pulling the sled the whole weary distance in order to carry medicine to a far away village whose people had been stricken with diphtheria. Had this brave dog not found the trail, or had he refused to go on in the face of the great storm, everyone in the village might have died.

An Eskimo dog can make his way over icy mountains as well as level snow plains. He can travel sixty miles a day, and keep

this speed up for several days. Balto and his team mates made forty miles a day in spite of the great storm.

Where do you suppose the Eskimo dog often sleeps at night, and how do you suppose he keeps himself warm? He sleeps under the snow curled into a tight ball. First he digs a sort of little cave and then he gets into it. The warmth from his body fills the space, and he sleeps very comfortably all through the night.

Some masters turn their dogs loose during the summer months. This is the case when trails are not safe for traveling because of the treacherous soft ice. But the Eskimo dog is often better off if he is not turned loose, for he will then be sure of his food.

Although he is fierce and quarrelsome by nature, an Eskimo dog, when he has a kind master, does just what any other dog does. He becomes friendly and affectionate.

—B. Ethel Webb

Make a list of the ways in which the Eskimo dog is different from other dogs. You may have to glance back at the selection to get all the ways in which he is different.

1. How are the dogs harnessed to draw sleds?

2. Why is it necessary to have a faithful experienced leader for a dog team?

3. Why is the wise Eskimo driver careful not to use the whip much on his team?

4. How are the dog teams guided?

5. Why was a monument built for the brave dog, Balto?

6. If a man traveling by dog team loses his way what is the best thing for him to do?

7. How far can an Eskimo dog team travel in a day?

8. Why is an Eskimo dog able to stand the cold of the far North?

9. In what curious way does he keep warm at night?

10. What is the best way to make friends with the fierce Eskimo dog?

THE CROW AND THE PEACOCK

As you know, the peacock is a proud, beautiful bird, while the crow is very plain looking and has a husky voice. Here is a legend that will tell you how the crow got his black coat.

One day the Peacock said to the Crow:

"This is Lord Tiger's wedding day. How shall we adorn ourselves for the wedding?"

At that time the crow was white and the peacock yellow.

"I have an idea!" the Crow replied. "The king of Annam is having a house built. The walls are being decorated the color of the rainbow. There are dragons that are green and red, yellow, and blue. The workmen have gone to eat their lunches. We will run and get their pots of paint."

The crow immediately carried out his idea.

The peacock insisted on being painted first.

The crow, wishing to show his skill, painted upon the peacock's feathers moons of yellow and green, and fanciful ornaments of blue and black. The peacock was magnificent. He went to look at himself in the water of the river, spreading out his tail feathers to dry. But when he saw that he was so handsome he continued to spread his tail, even after his feathers were dry.

"How beautiful I am! How beautiful I am," he said over and over.

Just then the crow called to him, "Friend, it is your turn to show your cleverness!"

Now the peacock was proud and jealous and had no intention of decorating the crow for Lord Tiger's wedding. So he said,

"Didn't you hear the cry of that eagle? We must fly! We must hide ourselves!" And pretending great haste he ran against

the pots of paint and knocked them into the river.

"I did not hear the eagle cry," said the Crow.

"Then, I must have been mistaken. Come, I will paint you," said the deceitful Peacock.

"The paint is at the bottom of the river," the Crow said.

"Here is one pot," cried the Peacock.

"Do hurry," said the Crow, "or we shall miss the wedding."

The peacock fairly splashed the black paint over the white crow. In a few seconds he exclaimed,

"There! you are lovely!"

The crow went to look at himself in the water of the river. He was black as night. He wanted to scream and fly at the peacock, but his voice stuck in his throat, and besides, the peacock had already gone to the wedding. So the crow flew to the top of a tree shouting,

"Caw! Caw!"

Ever since then the peacock has had a coat of many colors, while the crow always dresses in shining black. Both the crow and the peacock have harsh voices.

—African Folk Tale

Here are some questions that will help you to tell how the peacock became so beautiful and the crow so plain looking.

1. Why did the peacock and the crow wish to adorn themselves?
2. How did the crow decorate the peacock?
3. Why did he make the peacock so magnificent?
4. How did the peacock deceive the crow?
5. Why did he deceive him?
6. Why didn't the crow complain?

NEW WORDS TO LEARN

There were some new words in this story. Do you think you understood them? Below is a list of words for you to find in your story. Try to think of another word that could be used in place of each one. Write the list of words on your paper and after

each one write another word with the same meaning or nearly the same meaning.

adorn	immediately	handsome
replied	magnificent	pretending

Find four words in the story that describe the peacock.

FINISHING SENTENCES

Here are six sentences about "The Crow and the Peacock." There are three endings to each sentence. One ending is true and the other two are not. Read the sentences to see if you can select the correct ending to each one. Number your papers from 1 to 6, and after each number write the correct ending to the sentences with that number.

1. The crow decorated the peacock with—
   the colors of the rainbow.
   moons of yellow and green.
   black paint.

2. The peacock thought he was—
   gorgeous and magnificent.
   very plain looking.
   not very beautiful.

3. The peacock had no intention of decorating the crow—
   because he was kind and good.
   because he could not paint.
   because he was proud and jealous.

4. The peacock pretended he heard—
   Lord Tiger coming.
   the cry of the eagle.
   the workmen.

5. The crow felt that he had been—
   treated fairly.
   painted magnificently.
   treated unfairly.

6. The crow to this day has
   a coat of many colors.
   a shiny, black coat.
   a black and white coat.

THE STORY OF A QUEEN WITH WINGS

No doubt you always think of a beautiful woman with a jeweled crown on her head when you see the word "queen." This time you must think of a queen with wings. Who is she? Read the first part of the story and you will find out.

Read the entire story and then write down a good title for each part. Number your titles 1, 2, and 3.

I

One bright summer day there were great things happening in the beehive. The old queen was storming about the hive, upsetting the whole place.

The younger bees had never seen her act that way before. They had known her as a gentle queen mother who went quietly

about her business of laying eggs. Still this sudden rage was really not surprising, but it was very exciting. They knew exactly what it meant, a new queen was coming and the old queen was jealous. Something within the bees that we call *instinct* made it all plain to them.

They had heard the piping of a new queen. It seemed to say:

"I pipe a song of azure blue,
I pipe a song of honeydew,
I pipe a song of work well done,
I pipe a song of rain and sun.
Who will follow me?"

As you may know, bees are usually voiceless. The only sound you ever hear from them as they fly about, is the buzzing of their wings. Only new queens do this piping. Just before they come out of their royal cell, they whistle through the openings in the wall. No wonder that all the bees were so excited when they heard the piping of a new queen. She was coming! The new queen!

Now it is a law of the bee tribe that two queens cannot live in the same hive. That is why the old queen was so very angry and so very jealous. The workers were afraid she might kill the new queen, so they rushed to the royal cell and threw themselves in great numbers against the door. The old queen could not get through that squirming mass. The new queen was safe.

Instinct told the old queen it would be better to leave the hive, honey and all, and find a new home. That piping young queen could have the old hive. She could find another. So she gathered a great number of worker bees about her and left, or as we say *swarmed.* At such times we say the bees have *swarmed.*

II

When bees swarm they usually settle on the branch of a tree. This rest gives the owner a chance to get a new hive ready for the old queen. The new home is usually

placed beneath the swarm and the bees are coaxed to enter.

Sometimes the owner simply puts the old queen in the new hive and the other bees follow. Sometimes he puffs smoke in their faces to confuse them. Occasionally he beats on a tin pan, and the noise makes them let go and drop into the new hive. Often he gently shakes them into their new house.

If the bees like their new home, they begin work at once; but if they do not like it, they will swarm again. Then the owner must watch them closely, for they often fly high in the air and sail away to the woods, where they select a hollow tree for a home. We call such a tree a *bee tree.*

Once an old queen bee lighted on a farmer's arm and all her faithful subjects did the same thing. There was a bunch of bees as big as three or four footballs hanging from his elbow. That bunch of little bees was so heavy that he had to hold on to a gatepost for support.

III

The work of a bee hive is carefully divided. There are wax workers, honey gatherers, pollen gatherers, nurses, and moppers up.

The wax workers have the laziest job. They eat honey until they are ready to burst, then they hang themselves up like a curtain, one bee clinging to the feet of another. From the honey in their bodies a wax is made. This wax comes out through tiny holes on the sides of the bee's body. That strange cluster of bees is really a sort of wax factory. The cell builders scrape this wax off and use it to make the honeycomb. Why gather honey if there is no place to store it? The wax is so hard that the cell builders must soften it before it can be used in cell building.

When the cells are built, the hive is ready for the honey gatherers. Thus far the wax producers, the cell builders, and the moppers-up have done most of the work, but now the honey gatherers and the pollen gatherers must get busy.

During all this building, the moppers-up have been very busy, for a beehive is kept beautifully clean.

The pollen gatherers go straight to the flowers and fill the baskets on their legs with the yellow pollen. This is mixed with a little honey and used to feed the baby bees. It is called *bee bread*. The nurses know just how often to give this bee bread to the baby bees.

The honey makers are divided into two groups: those that work out of doors, and those that remain in the hive. The outside workers gather nectar from the flowers and carry it to the hive. The inside workers make the nectar over into honey.

IV

When the pollen workers fly from flower to flower they help the plants as much as they help themselves. Many plants cannot produce their seed unless the pollen is carried from blossom to blossom. Apples, peaches, plums, and hundreds of other

flowering trees and plants, owe their very life to the bee family. It is well to remember this when we are tempted to kill a bee.

Bees were brought to America by the early colonists. The Indians called them "The White Man's Flies." They are loyal workers. By industry and system the little bee adds thousands and thousands of dollars each year to America's wealth.

WHERE DO THEY BELONG?

Prepare your paper in the usual way, numbering your lines from 1 to 10.

Each word in the second column belongs opposite a certain word or group of words in the first column. Rearrange the words as quickly as you can. Put your pencil on the desk to show when you have finished.

The only word that properly belongs to the words "old queen" is the word "jealous." Write "jealous" on line 1.

1. old queen	piping.
2. moppers-up	bee bread.
3. where the honey is stored.	jealous.

4.	home of bees	wax workers
5.	pollen and honey	cells
6.	new queen	hive
7.	cell builders	cleaners
8.	bees help	nurses
9.	care for young	voiceless
10.	most bees	fruits

FILLING THE BLANKS ORALLY

Here are eight unfinished sentences. Read the sentence. Think of something that grows on a tree. Begin the first sentence with that word when you are called upon to read.

Read all of the sentences. Think of a word to complete each one.

1. ———grow on a tree.
2. ———grow on a vine.
3. ———grow on a bush.
4. ———grow under the ground.
5. ———grow in the garden.
6. ———grow in the fields.
7. ———grow on ponds.
8. ———grow in the sea.

IN HIGHLAND

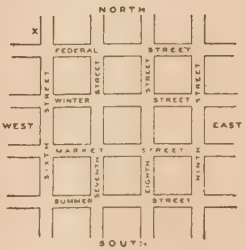
Raymond lived in Highland, on North Sixth Street, and went to the Washington School. Every school day he walked down Sixth Street to Federal, stopping at the corner to see if any cars were coming. Then he crossed Sixth and walked east on Federal to Seventh Street. Here he had to cross the street to reach the school. It was on Seventh Street between Federal and Winter Streets.

Around on Winter Street near Seventh was a fire house. One day just as school was dismissing, the engines came clanging out, and darted east on Winter Street. Some older boys ran after them. Raymond ran, too. He had never seen a big fire. On the engines went and the boys after them, across Eighth Street to Ninth, and then south on Ninth Street, across Market

Street to Summer. At Summer and Ninth stood a large warehouse, and flames were bursting from the windows.

The firemen got out the ladders. The hose was carried up and the water sprayed upon the flames. The boys watched eagerly. In the midst of the excitement a big clock struck five times. Raymond started. Five o'clock! He was always home long before that. How worried mother would be! He longed to see the end, but he turned and hurried home as fast as he could. Mother was so glad to see him and he was so sorry that he had worried her, that she did not scold him, but said that she was proud he was able to find his way home.

Draw a map like this. Raymond's home is on Sixth Street near Federal where you see the X. Put an X where the Washington School, the fire house, and the burning warehouse stand.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS